Where Governments Go to Church *Shirley Hazzard*

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A Journal of Politics and the Arts—March 1, 1975, 50 cents

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Dealing with Liars—*Walter Pincus*

Ford's Image Machine—*John Osborne*

Ticklish Taiwan—*John K. Fairbank*

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TRB

from Washington
March 1, 1975

Deciding to Decide

When Carl Reich comes home to tell Elsa that he's had it—that he's out of a job—she can tell before he opens his mouth. There is a period of unreality. She fixes a good supper. They have braced themselves. They have built up a little reserve, a bit of savings at the bank and credit union, and there are unemployment benefits. Next morning the alarm goes off and he doesn't get up, and when the kids go to school he stays at home, looking at want ads and then going downtown to fill out forms. It begins to sink in. He feels useless, not a man. It takes a while for the sullen mood to come, when debts rise and clothes fray. Later it is anger. Whether eight million people now unemployed will go through those stages, and when or if their mood becomes militant, we can't guess. Unemployment starts feeding on unemployment when jobless benefits give out and the unemployed can't buy new goods or pay mortgage debts. That will start to happen for many by spring.

So now let's see how Congress is rising to the crisis. There was dismay when President Ford offered his State of the Union package on January 15, and followed it up with his budget-economic messages, February 3-4. He wanted too little for recovery; he wanted cutbacks in social welfare; he wanted oil taxes that would increase inflation. Now everybody is telling Congress to hurry up its own program. Meanwhile President Ford and Press Secretary Ron Nessen criticize Congress for delay. Mr. Ford is in Florida this week continuing to seek support. (He seems to feel this is what Harry Truman would have done.)

The House met the first challenge by taking a leisurely 10-day recess, and the Senate, shamed into staying on the job, didn't do much more than mark time. Now things have changed a bit. But it is a good reminder, for people who want to make Congress into a hero, of how difficult it is. It always pays to be realistic, particularly about Congress.

We are going to learn a lot about Congress and government in this new crisis, just as we did in Watergate. In Watergate the job was relatively simple: to curb and oust a President. In the course of doing this we discovered that the Founding Fathers had put impeachment power in the Constitution, which most of us had forgotten.

This is tougher today, because whereas Watergate was to destroy something, to excise a malignancy, now the problem is to create things, a new economy, jobs, a new approach to world oil supplies. Furthermore the separation of powers trips us up when we try to act swiftly and coherently. At once Congress and the White House get into a confrontation.

"This self-stultifying, divisive system of government sometimes produces no movement or action at all," wrote a perceptive Englishman, professor S. E. Finer of the University of Manchester, in his *Comparative Government* (1970; Penguin Press). Inertia is caused, he said, by the separation of powers which is the unique characteristic of the American system. "But," he added, "in the United States, this situation, where government can grind to a halt and produce no action for a very long time, is not only tolerable but often even agreeable." He concluded, "In any case [it] is usually irrelevant because the United States is, by world standards, an empty country and a most wealthy one, so that the slowness with which new measures may be introduced there does not bother the average American citizen anything like as much as it would his counterpart in the more crowded and considerably poorer states of Europe."

Wait a bit, though. This standardized European comment came before the facts of life had hit the world's richest nation. Americans hail their venerable government because it accommodates to their diversity and because it has performed well; it helped produce the most stable democracy on earth; it came through Watergate well too.

But now global events are bursting in: we sank treasure in Vietnam; we lived beyond our means; we found we must buy and sell scarce commodities in a finite world just like other nations. Can our system adapt and move swiftly in an emergency short of war? It remains to be seen how "the average American," cited by Finer, reacts if the government proves "self-stultifying," that is if the White House and Congress get into a brawl on the brink of the precipice.

Fortunately this won't happen. Confrontations between Mr. Ford and congressional Democrats have begun; but I don't know anyone who thinks they will be carried to a suicidal stalemate. Much more likely they will drag into compromises that nobody really wants and that may not meet the problem. Stakes are high today and the old-fashioned solution by accommodation may not work.

The showdown stage is here. On the energy package Mr. Ford seems to be in a minority; he hasn't been able to rouse enthusiasm on trips nor with the gathering of state governors; and even so wise a counsellor as Arthur Burns of the Fed wants him to postpone the matter. Mr. Ford will be unwise to veto the delaying bill. A veto, of course, precipitates things and will show how determined the sides are.

The bill to stimulate the economy by a Keynesian tax cut is next. Here everyone favors the cut; the question is, how big? Reading from right to left we have Mr. Ford, with his Simon-Greenspan advisers, $16 billion; the House Democrats, $20 billion; George Meany, $30 billion; Harry Truman's economic adviser, Leon Keyserling, $40 billion.

Forty-six years after the 1929 crash we are doing what Herbert Hoover might have saved himself by doing: giving a big shot to the economy and to hell with the deficit. Will it work? We can't be sure. Will it turn the economy around? Will it have inflationary side effects? We can't know. The remarkable thing is that we've got consensus for the act in what looks like the greatest economic experiment in history.

Meanwhile Nelson Rockefeller moves to his moment of truth. In these other turmoils, as presiding officer of the Senate, he is being asked to do what Vice President Richard Nixon did thrice: declare that the Senate is not a continuing body and hence that a reform motion to make the Senate filibuster easier to beat can be taken up by a majority, rather than a two-thirds vote ("Rule 22"). It sounds dreadfully complicated, and is. But it can be put in another way: will Rocky be liberal as Nixon was on this issue?

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Congressional Featherbedding

Congressional staffs have quadrupled over the past 10 years and, in the last five, Senate personnel costs have doubled. The end is far from sight. The House now seeks funds to increase *its* committee staffs almost threefold, raising costs from $8.6 million to $20.7 million. A proposed Senate resolution would further add to the Senate payroll. The problem with all this growth is that no serious planning preceded it. Senate committee staffs grew as individual committee chairmen agreed to establish new subcommittees. The House staff increase was tacked to the House reform measure passed last year—and, indeed, promising new personnel to subcommittee chairmen and ranking minority members made the controversial reform package easier to swallow. Back in the Senate some younger members are colluding with dissatisfied older senators to push for additional staff.

Typical of the burgeoning congressional bureaucracy is the rush to find new space for Capitol Hill offices. The House wants to acquire the FBI's old Identification Building, located three blocks from the Capitol. With scattered FBI divisions being consolidated in the new J. Edgar Hoover Building, the House moved quickly—in an unusual, "urgent" supplemental appropriations measure—to get funds to take over the FBI quarters. The Senate has already appropriated $68 million to double the present size of its Dirksen Office Building. Since the new addition is not expected to be completed until 1978, office buildings in the area are being looked at for acquisition.

The patchwork expansion in staff and office space increases, rather than eliminates, the inefficiency of Congress. Take Senate staffs. A few aggressive, politically ambitious senators have created staff empires through their committee and subcommittee positions, while younger or more reticent members who want to be more active are forced to limp along with fewer aides than they need. In the middle are two other groups: the older establishment senators who through committee chairmanships or seniority have all the staff they need; and a group of complacent legislators whose prime interest is reelection. They are adequately staffed, with an extra aide or two that have come their way thanks to subcommittee seniority.

The growth of Sen. Henry Jackson's staff illustrates the inequity. In 1963 he became chairman of the Interior Committee. In the late '60s he got a Government Operations subcommittee chairmanship

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providing him a payroll for his foreign policy advisers. By 1973 Jackson had moved up in Government Operations seniority, and thus took over the chairmanship of the large and prestigious permanent investigations subcommittee. Rather than dissolve his foreign policy group, he added five of its members to the larger committee staff whose budget was thereafter beefed up. Since he had, in effect, two committee payrolls, in addition to his own personal staff, Jackson could take effective leadership in a variety of national and international issues. But he could also have some staffing luxuries. In 1972, for example, he placed H. W. Brawley—one of the architects of his unsuccessful national presidential campaign—on his personal payroll at $28,000 a year. That could be accomplished in part by shifting his legislative assistant Grenville Garside to the Interior Committee staff. Brawley remained on Jackson's personal payroll handling presidential campaign matters until December 1974, when he joined the new Jackson planning staff, the organization set up to run the 1976 primary effort. Jackson was also able to expand his operations by employing consultants. The controller-treasurer of his 1972 campaign, Walter Skallerup, Jr., was hired in 1973 as a $99-a-day consultant to the Joint Atomic Energy Committee at Jackson's request. In that capacity he was paid for attending public committee hearings and taking part in staff meetings—including some with the Interior staff—on Jackson's behalf. In July 1974 Skallerup became treasurer of the Jackson campaign with a $25,000-a-year retainer.

The ability of Jackson and other senators, such as Edward Kennedy and Jacob Javits, to accumulate staff has become a source of irritation to many of the younger senators. Recently published stories exposing such practices have added fuel to growing demands for change. The question is, will change result in more hiring or a drastic overhaul of committee and subcommittee staffing procedures?

The Senate committee system has not been subject to serious review since the 1946 Legislative Reorganization Act was passed. Its prime aim was to reduce the proliferation of subcommittees. In the past 29 years the subcommittee system has blossomed anew.

Clearly what is now necessary is a sweeping examination of changing Senate needs and the growing demand by the legislators for technological support. In the past few years the Senate, the House and the Library of Congress Legislative Research Service all have been at work developing computer retrieval programs to suit their individual needs. In addition an Office of Technology Assessment has been established with a four million dollar budget scheduled to grow to $6.5 million next year. Its job is to do research and computer projections on specific congressionally generated problems. Also in the works is a 100-man Congressional Budget Office, designed to supply facts and figures comparable to those produced by the Executive Branch Office of Management and Budget.

What should be the role of committees in this evolving Senate? Should their staffs stay small and remain under the sole control of the chairmen? Should the minority members of committees have their own staffs or should each committee member have equal access to a new nonpartisan Capitol Hill civil service? Are subcommittees necessary at all? If there are to be subcommittees should they stay in existence from one Congress to the next as they do now, dealing only with subjects of interest to subcommittee chairmen? Or should some new system be developed where ad hoc subcommittees with limited life spans are established to investigate specific issues and then dissolve?

Reagan's Quandary

Conservatives who've just met in Washington under the umbrella of the American Conservative Union and the Young Americans for Freedom couldn't agree more on two points: first, that there's a clear conservative majority out there in the country and second, their problem is pulling it together. A third party? Perhaps. The presidential candidate? That's the key. If Ronald Reagan of California, who brought them to their feet cheering, announces for President, they'll follow him anywhere—to a third party or into a fray over control of the GOP.

Reagan isn't ready to commit himself. He's got the presidential virus, all right, so much so that he's doing the mashed-potato circuit, planning a radio program and a bit of writing. He knows the mood of conservatives. They feel betrayed. Nixon turned out to be an "opportunist" who hurt their cause and they're not about to suffer another. Their next hero must be pure. They're disenchanted with the bland, Midwestern conservatism Grand Rapids, Michigan produced in Gerald Ford. His man Nelson Rockefeller enrages them, his projected budget deficit of $52 billion appalls them. Yet they are "patient," that is, they can wait till Reagan decides what to do. The one thing Reagan's ready to stand on is the issues—a balanced budget, a stronger national defense, decimating the "welfare state," deregulating business—the standard right-wing repertoire. His personal plans are less welcome. He's in a tough spot. With his big following, he might be able to steal the GOP nomination from Ford, at a convention held in the depths of a depression. Or he could join a third party. His conservative chums would like a decision by late spring. He's wavering. Lotsa luck, Ronnie.

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True-Blue and a Woman Too

Along Comes Thatcher

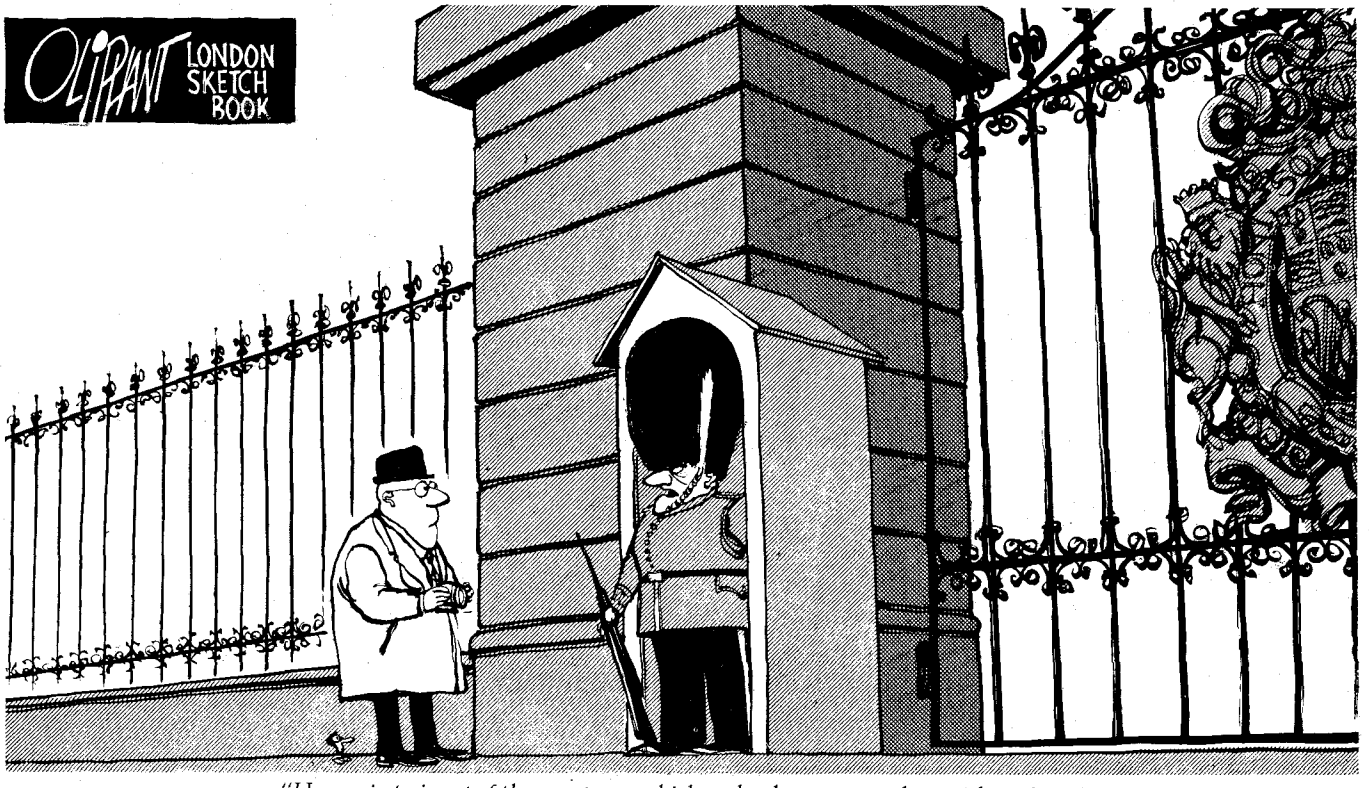
If only she were not a woman, the newly elected leader of Great Britain's Conservative party would be hailed by her colleagues as the model Tory. Margaret Thatcher is an impeccably tailored conservative—well spoken, self-reliant, right-wing but "responsible" in her freedom from association with notorious Tory reactionaries. It is a pity that the elevation of a woman should come as a surprise, but the fact is that most of her ideological fellows are also among the most paternalistic members of what is still essentially a patriarchal party. Yet these are presumably the same men who have boosted her to the top.

After a first ballot on which Thatcher got enough votes to humiliate incumbent leader Edward Heath and to force his withdrawal, but not enough to win outright, it could have been and usually was assumed that many Tories supported her solely as a way of at last getting rid of the stubborn Heath. The former Prime Minister had, after all, lost three general elections for his party, yet seemed to intend to die in his traces rather than do the decent thing and resign. Party morale was dangerously low, especially among the right-wingers on the back benches and in the local constituency parties, who were disgusted with Heath's insistence on centrist politics. They held the "moderation" of Heath and his henchmen in the party leadership directly responsible for the Tories' electoral failures.

At Westminster, then, all the smart money was saying that on the second ballot some of Thatcher's support would drop away and regroup around some other—male—candidate. The trouble with this theory that Thatcher was just a stalking horse is that the man who was supposed to benefit from Heath's elimination, the ingratiating William Whitelaw, was one of Heath's henchmen. Moreover he was regarded as a man of little intellect, and only a fleeting interest in political principles. His chief talent was said to be conciliation, to which he had devoted his Humphrey-like optimisms first as a whip in the House of Commons, then as secretary for Northern Ireland, then as employment secretary in a time of labor strife. Heath had even made him party chairman to unite right-wingers and centrists, perhaps with the idea that Whitelaw, as a wealthy country squire, could wave the old school tie and bring the true-blue Tories back into line.

On the second ballot for the Conservative leadership, Willie Whitelaw got 79 votes to Thatcher's 146. Apparently conciliation with the Heath centrists was what the true-blues did not want, at least not if a Heath man was to get the credit for it. They preferred a woman who is one of their own, a woman who proclaims the virtues of hard work, self-help and the free enterprise system, a hard-line woman who as education secretary in the last Tory government consistently opposed the use of schools as a means to social leveling.

But still a woman. And there were several men with equally solid right-wing credentials and with comparable cabinet and shadow cabinet experience. There was, for instance, Maurice Macmillan, a former employment secretary and a son of the Tory Prime Minister Harold



"Her majesty is out of the country—which makes her smarter than either of us!"

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Macmillan. Or better yet, Sir Keith Joseph, formerly the secretary for health and social security. Sir Keith had damaged his prospects last fall with an unfortunate speech in which he seemed to say that Britain's "human stock" was in danger from a high birth rate in the lower classes, but this would not have disqualified him in the eyes of his party's genuine conservatives. Since there *were* eligible men, the right-wingers' choice of Thatcher was not a case of scraping the bottom of their barrel.

Perhaps the real reason for Thatcher's elevation is not ideological—as most people will probably assume—but tactical. The conventional Tory wisdom is that Heath won the 1970 election *only* because, campaigning as a real conservative against inflationary Labour policies, he won over a substantial number of housewives whose husbands vote Labour and normally carry their wives with them. This may or may not be true, but Tories who believe it could easily be persuaded—or could persuade themselves—that a real conservative *woman* inflation-fighter is just the one to induce another defection of working-class women. Certainly it is true that the Tories' class base is too narrow ever to elect them without working-class support, and Enoch Powell, who was the one Tory capable of carrying the industrial cities of the Midlands and the North of England, has bolted the party because it backs the Common Market. His working-class votes have returned to Labour. Thatcher has already begun trying to retrieve it, but someone so visibly uncomfortable with urban workers, someone who congratulates garbage collectors for doing their job "with quiet dignity," is probably someone destined to keep her party out in the cold for a while yet.

Peter McGrath

Mr. McGrath is an American contributor to *New Society* and *The New Statesman.*

America Facing Two Ways

Ticklish Taiwan

At least three interest groups are involved in Taiwan's unsettled future, the US being one of them. Our current policy formula is the the Nixon-Chou Shanghai communiqué of February 1972—that Taiwan is part of China and its future is to be settled by the Chinese (and not by our intervention). The basis of the Peking-Washington rapprochement has been No Two Chinas. Yet within this framework (or bulging out of it) we still maintain the Washington-Taipei security treaty of 1954, and the Nationalist embassy in Washington still flies the flag of the Republic of China while Peking's liaison office acts more and more like an embassy in fact. Our policy faces two ways.

Since the present modus vivendi can be expected to give way eventually to a new situation, it is high time we tried in our own minds to unscramble the various interests involved. They cannot be forever disregarded, nor can they easily be reconciled. The Taiwan issue, in short, is one of the high explosives in the Ford-Kissinger traveling bag. Before this year is out the President is to visit Peking. Taiwan will be on the agenda. It may be a time bomb.

Present-day Taiwan is the product of a century of Sino-foreign relations. Future peace and friendship between the Chinese and American peoples require that we outgrow the past and create new relations of equality and nonintervention. Future hopes, however, cannot be completely untied from present realities, which in turn have been inherited from past trends that may still possess great vitality. (If historians seem conservative, it is only because history unfolds with such appalling intertia!) How have the respective Peking, Taipei and Washington interests in the Taiwan issue come into being?

Washington: American merchants and missionaries got into China as participants in Britain's informal empire of free trade and evangelism. British gunboats mainly set up the unequal treaty system of foreign privileges in China which from 1842 to 1943 provided for extraterritorial consular protection of foreign nationals and their property, special opportunities for merchants, rights of access for missionaries, and all the rest of a good thing. It is a long story of Western intervention in Chinese life, a chapter in the expansion of Europe around the world that constitutes such a large part of man's modern history. This intervention eventually inspired the Chinese revolution to remake China. The Americans inherited the British leadership of the intervention in the 1930s in time to be thrown out of China by the revolution in the 1940s.

Top nations are naturally culture-bound and believe in sticking to their principles, at least as long as they can afford to. Born of Europe's outreach, America's expansion at home and abroad has been seen at various times as God's will, progress, free enterprise, the defense of freedom, neocolonialism, corporate growth, imperialism and a lot of other things. However defined, our spirit is not dead. Americans on the whole still believe in capitalist-industrial-commercial growth and are currently concerned to keep it going. Taiwan, including its export processing zones, is one scene of our effort.

Taipei: Taiwan, formerly a prefecture of Fukien, became a Chinese province in 1885. During 50 years under Japan (1895-1945), it did not cease to be Chinese in population, language and culture. But as a Japanese colony it had no experience of political independence, and the Nationalist government under Chiang Kai-shek since 1945 has governed it not as an independent country but as a province of China. The people have experienced separateness, but not independent sovereignty. Self-determination by a counting of hands is not

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the Chinese tradition, and the idea of free Formosa or Taiwan for the Taiwanese has thus far not produced much of a political movement.

Our long-time ally and sometime albatross, the government of the Republic of China, was born of the Chinese nationalist movement that began with Sun Yat-sen at the turn of the century. It aimed to abolish the rule of the alien Manchu dynasty, which went out in 1912, and then the unequal treaty system of foreign privilege, which was reduced in the 1920s, tolerated in the 1930s (as a help against Japan) and abolished in 1943. While trying to get rid of the foreign intervention in China, however, the Nationalists had opposed the social revolution in the villages, which accordingly expelled them from the mainland. Like Dr. Sun himself, the Nationalist movement grew up on China's outer fringe, in contact with the international world and supported by urban merchants, student Westernizers and the new military more than by peasant masses and party mobilizers in the rice fields of the hinterland. Chiang's regime has thus been less in the ancient Chinese agrarian-bureaucratic tradition than in the expanding Western and Japanese commercial-military tradition. This makes it a bit more like ourselves.

During the last quarter-century, Taiwan-American contact has steadily built up, both commercially and culturally. Taiwan's economy is part of the Japanese-American world of investments and exports, indeed one of its fastest-growing components, "modernizing" with a vengeance, not easily amenable to mainland "liberation." The Nationalist regime depends more and more on its native Taiwanese component. Its local viability is evident. In the Taiwan scene Peking can point to some of the evils of industrial capitalism, like income disparities, but Taipei can point to some of its virtues, like high productivity. After the inputs of Japanese colonial development, American aid and talented Chinese enteprise, the 16 million people on Taiwan seem to be better off than the average on the mainland. What evidence we have indicates that they do not want to be absorbed by Peking administratively any more than the Nationalist government does. If the end of the security treaty meant turning Taiwan over to Peking's leveling control, many would brand it a major crime even for the 20th century.

Was the Nixon-Chou statement recognizing that Taiwan is part of China just rhetoric, then? A form of ambiguity to avoid disastrous confrontation? No, the principle is sound. The problem is how to apply it.

Peking. The revolution led by the Communist party of China has been the biggest in history, certainly in terms of size and probably in qualitative terms as well—a most impressive achievement. After 25 years its legitimacy cannot be questioned. Moreover those who "serve the people" in the People's Republic are every bit as righteous as servants of God, progress or mammon have ever been among us, and perhaps more logically so. Instead of expansion as a way of life, they invoke the world's oldest still-operative political ideal, the unity of China. It is hard to prove 850 million Chinese, or even the 25 million or so who lead the country, have the wrong view of their own polity. Military intervention is not likely to prove it to them. The claim that Taiwan is in principle part of China may not seem operative or effective today to us outside observers, but the moral righteousness of it in a land addicted to morality will continue to lie ready at hand for any Peking power holders to utilize whenever they wish or need to. "Recover Taiwan!" can be a unifying slogan, nonrecovery a unifying grievance. All that we know about the explosive potentialities of modern nationalism combines with all that we know of China's political history to reinforce Peking's claim to sovereignty over Taiwan. If no Chinese deny it, how can we?

How does Mr. Ford get out from between these respectively irresistible and immovable millstones? How can we extricate ourselves from the latent still-unfinished Chinese civil war?

There has never been a better occasion for compromise on all sides. Some compromise is possible because the basic interests are a bit different for each party. From a distance one may speculate that these rock-bottom interests differ as follows:

Peking wants the sovereignty of the People's Republic over Taiwan to be internationally acknowledged: thus no more Nationalist embassies in Washington or elsewhere. Administrative control over Taiwan is less important. What the regime on Taiwan calls itself is less important. The future can take care of such matters.

Taipei wants to preserve its control over the administration of Taiwan: thus local autonomy, without any Peking police or Maoist "liberation" or cadres from the mainland. International legal status is less important as long as Taiwan's international trade continues. Diplomatic recognition by the United States is less important as long as Taiwan remains secure against mainland takeover by force.

Washington wants stability in the Chinese area and contact ("normal relations") with all parts of it. The Taiwan-US security treaty is less important than stability in the Chinese area, meaning no use of force between Peking and Taipei, which might be ensured by some other document or arrangement as a successor to or a consulate in Taipei is less important than the continued fact of normal contact for Americans there.

While the parties involved could no doubt phrase these interests more perfectly, they do not seem to be utterly incompatible. Can they be negotiated?

Here is one sticking point. The principle of Peking's sovereignty is by its nature not negotiable. The People's Republic cannot even negotiate with Taipei in any formal sense. Revolutions make absolute claims, and

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any Peking negotiators with Taipei would be at once vulnerable to superpatriotic attack. No foreign minister of the revolution can be expected to barter over the revolution's right of sovereignty. The revolution has been itself an assertion of that right. Barter would be betrayal.

It follows that the United States cannot undertake an official mediation, which could only seem like a revival of intervention in China's domestic affairs. Gen. Marshall's forlorn statesmanship during 1946 when President Truman kept him in China to mediate the civil war earned him in the end only the opprobrium of both parties. Both sides felt he had sold out their interests. Mediate in China again? Who wants it?

Taipei in its present status is a functioning regime with a developing economic base. Why renounce its claims to be a government or reduce its Washington embassy to a trade mission?

On the formal level everyone seems stalemated, stuck in a posture, however unrealistic it may seem. The Chinese say there is only one China, as though unable to count. The Americans say Taiwan is a purely Chinese problem, as though we were not parties to the security treaty that is the key issue.

Two prescriptions may be offered: 1) Washington and Taipei should recognize that time is on the side of Peking, not only in Peking's view but in fact, simply because Taiwan is closer to Shanghai than to San Francisco. Peking may be expected to sit tight.

2) The only course open is an arrangement by unilateral declarations, each party enunciating its interests, maintaining its posture with proper dignity, clinging to its principles judiciously and letting the others know its priorities. If it is true that the basic interests involved are not really incompatible, this fact should emerge for all to see. After all, the Nixon-Chou communiqué was a diplomatic success of the first magnitude because it specifically contained an agreement to disagree over the current status of Taiwan.

Essential to this way forward is the expression of views from all quarters. How about a White House statement (or even a presidential-congressional joint statement) that, "In view of Prime Minister Chou En-lai's assurances that Peking regards its relationship to Taiwan as a political question not subject to settlement by force, the 1954 security treaty is being given up as unnecessary, but the United States will continue to maintain a vital interest in the stability of the Western Pacific area"? In other words, Washington might announce that its commitment to defend Taiwan against a forcible takeover would continue, but its form of expression would be changed to meet changing circumstances. Mr. Ford needs to take something in his briefcase.

John K. Fairbank

Mr. Fairbank is the research director of the East Asian Research Center at Harvard.

White House Watch

Ford's Image Machine

This report deals with two of 19 specific actions that President Ford took and announced during the week of February 10 and with the elaborate public relations apparatus—his image machine—that exists to put the best possible appearance upon everything he does.

One of the actions discussed here, the revision of a list of prospective nominees to the board of a new Legal Services Corporation that is supposed to begin providing federally financed legal assistance to poor people some time this year, was so quickly and rightly praised in hitherto critical quarters that it didn't need the ministrations of Mr. Ford's publicists. The other action, an unprecedented gift of power and position to Vice President Nelson Rockefeller, was so baffling in its nature and implications that the President's spokesmen didn't try to explain it. Press Secretary Ronald Nessen, the President's principal image machinist, was excluded months ago from the discussions that preceded the event and privately confessed utter ignorance of how it came about.

The praise accorded the replacement of five of the 11 original choices for the legal services board was in part an expression of relief, a reflection of the suspicion among advocates of effective legal aid for the poor that the Ford administration is fundamentally hostile to such federal programs. Three of the tentative choices announced last December 19—conservative attorneys Denison Kitchel of Arizona and William Knecht of California, and former Congresswoman Edith Green of Oregon—appeared to confirm this view. Although Knecht and Mrs. Green remain on the revised list, the five "preliminary selections" announced February 14 were considered to assure a board majority that would be friendly or at least not downright opposed to adequate legal services. Two critics of the December list, President James D. Fellers of the American Bar Association and Executive Director James Flug of the National Legal Aid and Defender Association, welcomed the changes. Fellers said that the replacements "are excellent choices" with "the kind of positive approach to legal services which is so necessary if the program is to be all we hope for it." The potential nominee who is principally responsible for the plaudits is Mr. Ford's new choice for chairman of the corporation board, Dean Roger C. Cramton of the Cornell University law school. Cramton, aged 45, is remembered in Washington as a tough-minded assistant attorney general who got himself fired by Richard Nixon in early 1973 for refusing to say that Mr. Nixon's impoundment of nine billion dollars in funds appropriated to clean up waterways was legal. The US Supreme Court unanimously held on February 18, as Cramton had asserted in 1972, that the impoundment was illegal;

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Cramton made his low opinion of some of the people on the December list known to the President's personnel director, William Walker, and through him to Mr. Ford's staff chief, Donald Rumsfeld. They responded by challenging Cramton to accept a nomination and the chairmanship and he rather unhappily assented. The most interesting of the other additions is Robert J. Kutak, an Omaha attorney who blends practical liberalism with ideological conservatism. He is a former assistant and still a friend of conservative Senator Roman Hruska and, in his liberal guise, chairman of the ABA's Committee on Individual Rights and Responsibilities.

The possibility that President Ford might appoint a Rockefeller man executive director of the Domestic Council and assistant to the President for domestic affairs was reported in this journal's February 1 issue. Despite misgivings and opposition among the President's senior staff to so substantial a delegation of presidential power to the Vice President, Mr. Ford announced his decision to do this and more on February 13. James Cannon, a former journalist who hitherto has been more concerned with Rockefeller politics than with Rockefeller policies and programs, was appointed council director and assistant to the President. Richard Dunham, another Rockefeller assistant, was appointed deputy director. Mr. Ford simultaneously issued a somewhat flowery restatement of the council's mission. The council itself, composed of domestic department and agency heads, hasn't met since December of 1971 and has never amounted to much. It's the council staff of 30 people, including 15 functional assistants, that matters. Along with some Rockefeller-type rhetoric about "assessing national needs and identifying alternative ways of meeting them," the Ford statement adds one thing of substance to what the council staff has been doing. Rockefeller as the council vice chairman and what will soon be his staff are given a specific role in the Office of Management and Budget's reviews of proposed legislation and in the extremely important policy aspects of budget-making. Rather uneasily and without great conviction, some of the President's people point out that James Cannon is to be assistant *to the President* and that Press Secretary Nessen wasn't talking idly when he emphasized in his announcement that "the President considers the Domestic Council [sic] an integral part of the White House staff." Just in case Cannon was in any doubt on the point, he was gently told to move himself out of Rockefeller country in the Old Executive Office Building and across the street into the West Wing of the White House, where Mr. Ford's senior assistants have their offices. Whatever Mr. Ford hopes to gain from the business, and what he can expect to gain apart from Nelson Rockefeller's gratitude is a mystery to me. He incurred a serious loss in the person of Phillip Areeda, since last September the second in rank among three attorneys with the title of White House Counsel. Areeda, a Harvard law professor and specialist in antitrust law, was one of the very few people at the Ford White House who had some claim to distinction before coming there. His intention to quit unless he got a suitable assignment was reported here several weeks ago. Areeda thought he was promised the Domestic Council directorship and resigned when he learned that he wouldn't get it. My impression, unsupported by any concrete evidence or statement, is that his basic reason for leaving was more subtle and more significant than the mere denial of a job he wanted. I suspect that Phillip Areeda suffered the frustrations of a first-rate talent who found himself submerged among and subordinated to associates whom he considered second-raters.

The most cogent point to be made about Press Secretary Ronald Nessen, the mechanic in charge of the biggest part of the Ford image machine, is made in conversation by Nessen himself. He says: "I think you ought to separate my personality out from what we do here. Okay, I have a temper and I've lost it a couple of times. And so what? I don't think that should completely obscure our accomplishments." Separating and setting aside Ron Nessen's personality is a pleasure. Suffice it to say that in his public performance he is good natured most of the time, temperish and petty a little of the time, and positively cloying some of the time. His calculated displays of good humor take the form of what Nessen calls "my allegedly terrible one-line jokes." He is sensitive about any personal reference, whether it's intended to be favorable or unfavorable, and he is especially sensitive to cracks about his cracks. A recent example: "Happy Valentine Day. It even gets the press secretary out here [at the briefing-room podium] on time." Nessen is obsessed with the escapist notion that his principal problem is neither himself nor his President but the poisoned press room atmosphere that he found in the wake of Watergate and Ronald Ziegler. He furthers this idea when he says that his jokes "are not meant to be a night-club act. They are meant to relax the place. It's a delicate effort to change the mood of the place." The mood has changed, for the better. But the White House press room should never be a really happy place and, fortunately for all concerned, neither Nessen nor any other press secretary can make it so. There is a fundamental, unavoidable conflict between press secretaries and the press and Nessen frets about it more than he should.

President Ford said of Nessen in Nessen's presence the other day, "I think he's doing a helluva good job." Nessen groaned in mock dismay, "Oh, God, there goes my credibility." On the whole, though many in the press room would disagree, the facts support the President's judgment. Nine press conferences in six months, a dozen or so individual interviews, and many more background conversations, quickie chats with reporters and editors, and group sessions with television, radio and printed media news executives consti-

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tute, as Nessen says, a record of presidential access that Richard Nixon neither wanted nor tried to match. The question is what of substance comes out of it all, and the answer is very little.

Nessen's establishment, including peripheral staffs and activities that were under President Nixon's directors of communication, has been reduced in personnel from 58 to 45. It includes two deputy press secretaries, six assistant press secretaries, two television advisers and five photographers. One of the deputy secretaries, Gerald Warren, four of the six assistant secretaries, and three of the five photographers are survivors from the Nixon time. Mrs. Ford's press secretary, Sheila Weidenfeld; her assistant, Patti Matson; and their office secretary, Nancy Cherdon, operate independently of Nessen but accept without exactly welcoming occasional guidance from him. Gerald Warren, two assistant press secretaries and three other assistants at "professional" levels have three principal functions. They are seeing to it that department and agency officials and press spokesmen understand and accurately reflect administration policy as it is stated and amended by the President and Nessen; correcting and countering what Warren considers to be errors of fact or judgment in printed and broadcast comment; and providing print and broadcast journalists outside of Washington with the nearest possible equivalent of the information, propaganda and official briefings that journalists in Washington get. Preparing the President's daily news summary, a Nixon service retained by Mr. Ford, may have been put in Warren's bailiwick when this is read.

Warren works closely with William Baroody, Jr., another Nixon survivor who glories in the title of "assistant for public liaison." Saying so causes shudders at the White House, but the fact is that Baroody has taken over, consolidated and more or less cleaned up the group contact function that Charles Colson developed and corrupted. Baroody and his staff of 30, including some 15 "professionals," organize White House seminars in Washington and around the country and try to maintain friendly communications with leadership types among blacks, hispanics, labor unions, women's groups, educators and any other categories that can be conveniently packaged. The Baroody operation demonstrates among other things that thousands of Americans are glad to travel at their own or their organizations' expense to Washington and to regional centers in order to hear administration spokesmen, occasionally including the President, expound and defend administration policy. Baroody would argue that he isn't a cog in the President's image machine. "What I'm doing," he says, "is not public relations, though there's a lot of that in what I do. Probably the fundamental is *process*—a process where the private sector is given access to government equal to that of the press and Congress."

Because of what it tells about Gerald Ford, the part of the Nessen function that interests me most is the White House photographic operation. Its director and the President's personal photographer, 27-year-old David Hume Kennerly, acknowledges with discernible pain that his shop is a part of the Nessen shop, structurally speaking. That's as far as he will go, in words and in practice. "I don't work for Nessen," Kennerly says. "I work for the President—period." Kennerly is a former *Time* photographer who won a Pulitzer prize in 1972 for pictures taken in Vietnam and India and covered Vice President Ford for *Time*. He was the first staffer hired by Mr. Ford when he became President last August. The President and the Ford family are extremely fond of Kennerly—as fond of him as he is of himself if that be possible. Although Kennerly exaggerates the differences, his access to President Ford is much more complete than the access of his predecessor, Ollie Atkins, was to President Nixon. "Ollie was summoned to take pictures," Kennerly says. "I'm never summoned. I'm always there. I'm probably the only guy who can walk into that office without being asked. I go in and out." He says that either he or, on rare occasions, another staff photographer has recorded literally every meeting that President Ford has had and that he stays throughout most of them. Ollie Atkins snapped a few pictures and then left. According to Kennerly, the President asked him beforehand to leave only two meetings after taking one or two pictures for the record, "and they were when he was telling a couple of guys they didn't have jobs any more." Both Kennerly and Nessen say that Mr. Ford shows absolutely no interest in the photographs taken of him, never calls for prints and never suggests that a certain picture be hung on White House walls. Nixon showed some interest; Lyndon Johnson was an avid viewer and critic of his staff photographs. Gerald Ford's alleged indifference is interesting precisely because he lets so many pictures be taken by so many photographers. Kennerly has arranged unprecedented access to Mr. Ford by other photographers. Fred Ward, a Washington free-lance, had nearly total access to the President and the inner offices of the White House for two months. The result, a picture book with text by Hugh Sidey, *Time*'s White House columnist, will be published by Harper & Row in May. Kennerly says that at least 20 other magazine and newspaper photographers have had generous and unusual access to the President, though none in this or any other presidency has had the equal of Fred Ward's free and prolonged run. Photographers aiming at book and magazine publication are especially welcomed and get the best treatment. It's something to remember, as I've previously noted, when you come upon accounts of good old, plain old Jerry Ford, running around in baggy suits with dog-biscuit crumbs in his pockets and not caring a whit about his image.

John Osborne

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The United Nations

Where Governments Go to Church

by Shirley Hazzard

In that rarest of official documents, a moving statement, the League of Nations High Commissioner for Refugees performed, in 1935, that rarest of diplomatic acts: a resignation on principle. Denouncing the League's evasion of the desperate plight of German Jewry, and appealing for prevention of "an even more terrible human calamity," James McDonald told the League: "I cannot remain silent . . . When domestic policies threaten the demoralization and exile of hundreds of thousands of human beings, considerations of diplomatic correctness must yield to those of common humanity."

A person holding such views could no more remain at the League than, subsequently, at the United Nations. It was the very function of the League to maintain silence on governmental crimes against humanity; and of its permanent officials to rationalize this silence as necessary to some never analysed but paramount objective. The League was as unlikely to address itself to nazism as was the United Nations, later, even to debate the destruction of Southeast Asia.

Current Third World activism at the UN is merely shedding intensified light on this fundamentally national nature of the UN enterprise. UNESCO action against Israel, for example, is new only in the measure of public indignation it has attracted: analogous violations have long taken place within the UN system, and the UNESCO episode in fact dramatically exemplifies a general condition.

Why governments should twice in our century have constructed an elaborate and costly "international" enterprise for the apparent purpose of incapacitating and perverting it—deliberately creating, as John Maynard Keynes observed of the League of Nations in 1919, "an unequalled instrument for obstruction and delay"—becomes clearer with the accelerating globalism against which it is paradoxically set. Both international organizations were a channeling off, by national and economic power, not only of corrective reactions by populations to successive World Wars, but of growing efforts to adapt public institutions to the irresistibly planetary nature of the age.

As each World War drew to its close, it stood to reason that a responsible segment of enfranchised society would challenge governmental conduct of international relations; and that this challenge, heightened by nuclear terror, would in turn be recognized by governments, be nominally appeased, and rendered harmless or even profitable to national objectives.

To thwart a large public movement by leading its few spokesmen to an empty United Nations and locking them in must have seemed to our governing forces a surprisingly easy task; and the facility with which it has been twice accomplished remains a major puzzle of contemporary affairs. On both occasions national interests succeeded in diverting the energies of internationalists to the maintenance of institutions where nationalism reigns supreme, short-circuiting an important articulation of public opinion and exposure.

In the United Nations, as in the League, a perfect paradox was created: an institution that would proclaim standards only to undermine them; that would profess beneficence while condoning—actively, or by silence, or through inconclusive debate—every form of barbarism. These apostasies were enclosed in an aura of righteousness in total contrast to the realities dictating them; and the United Nations emerged as a temple of official good intentions, a place where governments go to church, safely removed—by agreed untruth, procedural complexity, and sheer boredom—from the high risk of public involvement.

It was essential that the world's public be disengaged: the public, with its irreverent sharp questions, its appetite for exposure, its sporadic interest in justice, its vulgar curiosity regarding disbursement of its money. The UN enterprise was interpreted to populations through their governments. And between the institution and the public a buffer zone was laid out, of accredited well-wishers whose role, on pain of treachery to world peace, was to put the organization's views to the world rather than force the world's emergencies on the organization. This protective screen was reinforced by theoreticians whose *raison d'être* derived from taking UN absurdities seriously; by those whose social strivings drew them to a place of luxury and incessant entertainments; and by accredited journalists as likely to reveal the organization's essence as a White House press corps to uncover Watergate. The public had no role in, or information on, the selection of UN leaders, and was usually unaware of their existence prior to appointment.

Assemblies, councils and committees provided the

Miss Hazzard, the novelist, worked 10 years at the United Nations and is the author of *Defeat of An Ideal*, a documented study of the organization.

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illusion of concern, emitting resolutions rarely implemented and documents seldom read. (UN headquarters alone now produces well over half a billion pages of words annually.) Such concerted action as did take place was that sanctioned by, and inevitable to, power politics and intergovernmental negotiation. As planetary emergencies intensified, so the sterile conference bodies and chaotic agencies of the United Nations proliferated—lest the rational impetus of survival, deprived of even these unproductive outlets, should take itself elsewhere and acquire force and coherence.

The public has little way of knowing, even now, that mammoth UN congresses—such as those, in 1974, on the Law of the Sea and on Population—are a complex means of actually deferring urgent international actions while temporarily assuaging rising world apprehensions. The fixed pattern of these wasteful exercises is to disband with the sole explicit agreement of reconvening. Nor can citizens be aware that each new UN agency, such as that now proposed on the world food crisis, will inevitably be an institutional shambles, strangled at birth by national wire-pulling and impenetrable bureaucracy, incapacitated by corrupt appointments and monumental maladministration; with any achievement in gross disproportion to opportunity, emergency and vast expenditures of public funds.

In their anxiety to lull public inquiry, UN leaders have persistently misrepresented the organization's expenses by citing administrative costs only, and suppressing operational ones. Thus *The New York Times* informed us recently that "the UN budget for the two-year period 1974-75 has been approved at $584,831,000." This is like equating defense spending with Pentagon salaries. The actual United Nations budget for that period will be in the neighborhood of *four billion dollars*, exclusive of large national counterpart funds. (As to salaries, it may be mentioned that UN undersecretaries-general, who are thick on the ground, receive $65,000 per annum, exclusive of extensive allowances.)

Significantly, the public's original hopes of the organization have been consistently derided by the United Nations itself. The theme of a "jejune" world citizenry placing utopian aspirations in international agencies curiously recurs throughout UN histories and proclamations. Conversely, any reasonable inquirer into United Nations' failures will find himself subjected to a barrage of statutory excuses bearing no relation whatever to humanity, logic or survival.

Public expectations, which are standards in themselves and the very fuel of human progress, were annihilated in the scorched earth policy by which world powers gained time for their own expedients. "Limited" wars, civil strife and intranational subversion have multiplied, generally without UN comment. Vietnam and Cambodia have been torn to bloody shreds, virtually undiscussed at the United Nations. Repressive or unrepresentative regimes have on occasion been legitimized by the UN in the name of independence; while states such as Bangladesh have been refused nationhood until they claimed it by force. Every form of persecution and terrorism has proliferated while the UN Commission on Human Rights mired itself deeper in ludicrous procedures blatantly favoring governments, and deferred its agenda items for another year.

The invaluable lost ground of public expectation is not recoverable. Any future public call for global systems will not come as trust or aspiration but as an imperative, and to a violent accompaniment already being tuned.

The irresistible forces—social, political, economic and Malthusian—that were denied rational expression at the United Nations went on, however, to manifest themselves in unprecedented levels of global crisis, in separate collective machinery, and in hugely powerful material forms remote from public knowledge or control. By creating, at the United Nations, a shrine of national sovereignty—"a United Governments Organization," as Solzhenitsyn calls it—where nationalism would be venerated long after its political and economic supremacy had dissipated, world power was free to bypass national structures with multinational operations far beyond the public field of vision.

In the 1920s H. G. Wells foresaw that world government might derive its missing authority from the global nature of modern science and commerce; and that this phenomenon, if exposed and seized upon in its early stages, could be channeled to the service of world order. Reviewing Wells' *World Of William Clissold* in 1927, Keynes agreed that practical internationalism would absolutely require such an impetus, but pointed to the absence of any incentive to global outlook on the part of the captains of industry: "They lack altogether the kind of motive . . . They have no creed other than money."

Then and later, Keynes was—as Barnet and Müller point out in their recent *Global Reach*—"assuming a market in which national banks and national corporations transacted their business within the context of national boundaries." It was Wells who glimpsed a future need of commercial forces to preserve and extend their global power without the inconsequential irruptions of nationalism. This prescience and this chance were cast away. Multinational commerce burgeoned, unregulated, as a new world despotism while, in the name of supranationalism, the dead horse of the United Nations was assiduously flogged between the shafts.

Mercantile powers were certainly long aware of the immediate advantages to themselves of neutralizing any effort at public jurisdiction over multinational activities. And the relation of corporation interests to the impotence of the United Nations is a vast question yet to be explored.

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Occasional whiffs of sulphur rise from this region. In a volume of memoirs not otherwise conspicuous for candor, Lord Gladwyn remarks of the first UN Secretary-General, Trygve Lie, what was well known to his unhappy staff at the time: "The people he liked associating with for the most part were American tycoons." Billionaires in kindly mood have ever been banked around United Nations dinner tables and associated with the organization in its most innocuous "motherhood" aspect—and it may be noted that, through the bounty of John D. Rockefeller, Jr., and Arthur Houghton, Jr., respectively the Secretary-General's office premises and his residence are both provided by American industrialists.

A peculiarly squalid item of Lie's disastrous term was a collusion with IBM, through "one of Mr. Watson's top ranking assistants," to spy on and discredit the UN staff chairman—who, by no coincidence, was at the time exposing Lie's illicit collaborations with the State Department, the FBI and Joseph McCarthy; and who was soon to be dismissed without cause. (The disgusting 1950 secret report on this matter from UN Chief of Protocol Jehan de Noue to Assistant Secretary-General Byron Price gives a succinct picture of United Nations hierarchy; and indeed deserves framing—a process with which it is, in another sense, closely associated.)

At the behest of oil companies, Dag Hammarskjöld suppressed circulation of a UN report on oil pricing in the 1950s. In 1968 a crucial revision of international law by the UN's Maritime Organization sanctioned deeper loading of tankers—an action immensely profitable to oil companies and calamitous to the ecology of oceans. (True to the UN paradox, such a development supplies the perfect pendant to the UN Environment Program, suffocating in procedural restraints and internal discord in its skyscraper in Nairobi.) Corporation heads have successfully intervened through UN leaders to shape, to their own advantage, the forms of UN assistance to developing countries—for example, in modifying UN advice to new nations on negotiations with foreign investors. The head of the UN development program is no ecologically minded futurist but, traditionally, an American from the business world. (The incumbent, 70-year-old Rudolph Peterson, is a former president of the Bank of America.)

It need only be added that an organ of the UN hypertrophy has the multinationals under "scrutiny."

This minefield will presumably be investigated eventually; along with such areas as the UN Secretariat's long, secret and profoundly scandalous relations with national surveillance agencies such as the FBI.

To maintain negativism on a moral pedestal is a feat of balance requiring auxiliaries. And to this end there developed, from the early days of the League, that paradox within the paradox, the international civil servant: an essential but disregarded element in the failure of our international institutions.

> The fact is, we are all going mad here—some quickly, some slowly, but all going the same way . . . We shall do our work just as well, possibly better, when we are quite mad, and none of the governments will need to sacrifice any of their sane civil servants to take our places, and we shall continue to draw the pay.

Thus, in 1928, League of Nations officials analysed their function in Alice Ritchie's admirable novel *The Peacemakers*. Closing his eyes to "a peculiarly abominable situation in the Near East," Miss Ritchie's ineffectual Secretary-General (a portrait of Sir Eric Drummond) vaguely wonders, "What was the good of the [League] if it placed self-preservation before its plain duty? He did not know; it was hardly his province. He was there to keep it in being." And the League was of course defunct a dozen years later.

This moral lesson was lost on the persuaded apostles of negativism for whom the United Nations civil service has been such a magnet; but not, by any means, on the organization's member states. The lengths to which governments have gone to preclude the hair-shirt Secretariat nominally decreed by the UN Charter make exquisite irony of the everlasting chant of UN leaders that they are necessarily the pawns of national pressures. Illicit recruitment clearances, dehumanization, retributions, rewards and a flooding of the upper echelons with biased and incompetent national appointees guarantee that the United Nations will never acquire that incalculable power generated by the assumption of responsibility.

Rationalizations of UN inaction have grown ever more grotesque in the face of world events. In the past year there has been a marked effort by UN leaders to characterize the ancient principles of law and common humanity set forth in the United Nations Charter and Universal Declaration of Human Rights as cultural sophistries of the Western world—as narrow concepts, in fact, that the UN is too large-minded to apply indiscriminately. Over the title of "Spokesman for the Secretary-General," the UN's André Lewin qualified his sworn support for freedom of information ("by this I mean fair information"), as follows:

> I do not feel, however, that belonging to the western world and adhering to its ideology, I should impose my point of view on an organization where many countries have different conceptions, ideologies and interests . . . I do not feel that an organization representing billions of people, for whom freedom of information has not the same meaning and importance as for westerners, should work according to western standards . . . We should try to find and follow a way in the middle.'

This theory of the golden mean as a justification for

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abrogating basic standards of course originates with governments, who enthusiastically promote the view that populations unable to articulate their grievances are not desirous of redressing them. In the field of information, the "way in the middle" has recently led to UN censorship against Solzhenitsyn and Confucius.

United Nations archives are a repository of hundreds of thousands of unavailing petitions to the world custodians of human rights. Amnesty International has, over the years, submitted thousands of documented cases of persecution to the UN without receiving action on one of them. In 1973 UNESCO withdrew facilities from an Amnesty conference protesting torture lest offense be given to governments engaged in that activity. A few weeks later the UN Human Rights Commission made a backstage agreement to play down torture in Chile in exchange for silence on Solzhenitsyn and the Soviet dissidents. In this area of human rights, above all, the organs have been mercilessly employed to thwart mankind's natural expressions of pity, decency and civilization.

On the apparent assumption of "better too late than never," the City University of New York has recently issued a study of the political strangulation of the United Nations Secretariat. As stated by its authors, it is limited in scope, although this would not account for fundamental omissions and errors. It is indicative that this report, which emanates from the UN buffer zone, does not even consider the relation of citizens to the United Nations: the public is mentioned only in passing, as the passive recipient of a UN "image." The United Nations budget is given, yet again, only in administrative costs (as "$225 million"). And so on. What *is* present, and accurate, is doubtless well worth saying over again for the record. The illusion, however, that the deeply intended disorder of the UN Augean stables can be set to rights by the cosmetic measures, now 30 years overdue, enumerated in this report cannot be indulged. It is inherently impossible for the United Nations to embrace the administrative atonement prescribed in this and similar parochial studies; nor will events permit of any such improbable and time-consuming reversal.

Some years ago I wrote that "the present United Nations is a veritable haystack of last straws, without resilience for the unexpected." Since then, world convulsions have brought the UN back into public view. Though confusedly related to recent shocks, the public's current disillusionment with the United Nations arises also from a cumulative awareness of the organization's unreality amid contemporary events. Governments, whatever their bluster, will not want the dissolution of an institution that must, in this global era, be in some manner reconstituted to their disadvantage; and the highly dubious billion-dollar UN refuge under construction at Vienna testifies to huge vested interests in the status quo. It is for the public to insist that the present travesty be superseded, at this eleventh hour, by responsive world systems.

"There is," said Machiavelli quoting Dante, "no order without knowledge of the past." It may be added that exposure sets in motion its own solutions.

Perjury in High Places

Dealing with Liars

by Walter Pincus

Congress has one more lesson to learn from Watergate: some new means must be found to ensure that witnesses before congressional committees tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but. As it is, not even swearing in a witness and therefore putting him in peril of perjury charges guarantees a committee will get complete, or even reasonably accurate, testimony.

Two cases currently under review for possible perjury charges by the special Watergate prosecutor and the Justice Department suggest the problem. Both involve former directors of the country's two most important intelligence agencies—Richard Helms of the CIA and L. Patrick Gray III of the FBI. Both men gave their suspect testimony in the spring of 1973, before

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the Watergate cover-up had begun to fall apart. Both men had information that would have hastened exposure of the Nixon White House corruption. Both were put under oath and both gave misleading or incomplete answers to questions.

Helms, in the course of explaining his 1973 testimony, told a recent Senate hearing that despite the fact he had sworn to tell the "whole truth," he believed he had some latitude in the manner in which he gave his answers. First of all there was, for Helms, the question of whether the committee interrogating him—Senate Foreign Relations—had the jurisdiction to make such an inquiry. "I felt obliged to keep some of this stuff," Helms told the senators, "in other words, not volunteer a good deal of information because my oversight committee wanted to hear it. I would have volunteered it, but my understanding had been that that [the Senate CIA oversight committee] was where I was going to give all of the covert information."

Helms also felt misleading answers had been proper because he believed the questions put to him by a senator required such answers. For example, at a February 7, 1973 hearing, Helms was asked: "Did you try in the Central Intelligence Agency to overthrow the government of Chile?" He replied, "No, sir." Then he was asked: "Did you have any money passed to the opponents of Allende?" Again the answer, "No, sir." It subsequently was disclosed that between 1970, when Salvador Allende won the Chilean presidential election and 1973 when he was overthrown, and died, in a military coup, the CIA was authorized by the White House Forty Committee to spend eight million dollars for covert activities in Chile.

Helms proceeded to juggle his two earlier answers to conform to the later publicized facts. His "no sir" on the money was, he said, based on his assumption that his questioner, Sen. Stuart Symington, had meant only money passed to Allende's actual two opponents in the election, who got nothing, and not civic groups and newspapers and radio stations that opposed the Chilean leftist leader and did get funds. As for his "no sir" on overthrowing the Allende regime, Helms responded that although there had been some CIA discussion of trying to unseat Allende, it was decided that such a step could not be successfully accomplished. Therefore according to Helms, the CIA never did "try" such an operation.

Helms also suggests that there was another way he could have avoided answering a direct question. ". . . I should have probably asked either to go off the record or to have asked to discuss this matter in some other forum. . . ." That tactic could have avoided perjury while not guaranteeing the truth would be told.

Former acting FBI Director Gray added another questionable rationalization to justify one of his own misstatements to the Senate Judiciary Committee, which in March 1973 was questioning him during his ill-fated confirmation hearing. In the days after the Watergate break-in Gray had been given files from the safe of Watergate conspirator E. Howard Hunt and told by White House aides John Dean and John Ehrlichman that the files should not see the light of day. He subsequently destroyed the documents. When he testified under oath before the Judiciary Committee, Gray said all the material from Hunt's safe had been turned over to the FBI—without mentioning the files he received personally. "I had no intention of volunteering to the committee my receipt and destruction of these files and did not do so," Gray was later to tell the Senate Watergate committee. "I justified my reticence not only because I then believed in the rectitude of the administration whose nominee I was . . . but because my brief look at the file of State Department cables had confirmed for me what I thought were overwhelming considerations of national security."

Were these reasons cited by Helms and Gray the real motives for their earlier inaccurate and incomplete responses? Probably not, but it would be hard to prove otherwise, particularly with the criminal charge of perjury the only legal weapon in the committee's hands. Perjury is a difficult crime to prosecute successfully when it has been committed before a congressional committee. The government must prove not only that what was said was false, but that the defendant said it deliberately, knowing it to be false. The precedents for congressional perjury prosecutions date to the McCarthy era when committees were harassing individuals for their political beliefs, and the higher courts found a variety of ways to protect witnesses' rights and strike lower court convictions. Thus it is not a crime to evade answering a question or to avoid giving a complete answer. As one prosecutor put it, "You can lie without committing perjury; you don't have to tell the whole truth to avoid committing a crime."

The Gray case illustrates the problem in proving perjury. Gray himself, when testifying as a witness at the Watergate cover-up trial, announced that he was under investigation by the special prosecutor's office in connection with possible perjury before the Judiciary Committee at his confirmation hearings. One possible area of investigation would be Gray's statements about his knowledge of the so-called Nixon "national security" wiretaps conducted against White House aides and newsmen in 1969-71.

Gray told the senators that when he first learned that *Time* magazine was to publish a story alleging such wiretaps existed, he "checked the records and indexes of the Federal Bureau of Investigation" and found "there is no record of any such business here of bugging news reporters and White House people." When pressed further by Sen. Edward Kennedy, Gray said checking the indexes was "the extent of my investigation." Questioned again about whether he had gathered "from any other sources information that would have led" him to believe there might have been such

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taps, Gray responded, "I did not."

Since the March 1973 testimony, other information has turned up. On January 20, 1975, in an interview with *Washington Star-News* reporter Jeremiah O'Leary, former FBI assistant director John P. Mohr said he had told Gray of the wiretaps on May 3, 1972—Gray's first day as acting director. According to Mohr, Gray came in and asked "where are the secret files?" To that Mohr said he responded there were none, "except the ones on national security wiretaps," which had not been indexed but rather had been kept separate.

Gray's Judiciary Committee testimony seemed to echo the Mohr statement. He told the senators that on that same May 3, 1972, he told his aides "I will not permit any wiretaps that are not in accordance with the law." When pressed (before the taps had been disclosed) by Sen. Kennedy to say why he made that statement, Gray said he did it only because of "allegations [that] have floated around."

When Gray's successor as acting FBI chief, William Ruckelshaus, asked about the taps, FBI aides immediately confirmed their existence. On May 9, 1973 Ruckelshaus told newsmen that the previously secret taps had overheard conversations of Daniel Ellsberg, who at the time was on trial in California. Ruckelshaus also said the files gave an "indication" that Gray might have known of their existence. Further inquiry into the matter by the House Judiciary Committee turned up an FBI investigation made on February 26, 1973—as a result of the *Time* magazine article. The investigation memorandum outlined the history of the Nixon wiretaps, and its author told FBI agents that it was his understanding "that Mr. [Mark] Felt [Gray's chief deputy] forwarded the original of this memorandum to Mr. L. Patrick Gray III." That was a week before Kennedy asked his question.

Did Gray lie to the Judiciary Committee? He denies it and no charge of perjury has yet to be lodged. One thing is certain: Gray's testimony of February-March 1973 is far from complete about Watergate. He was asked to submit a complete record of his meetings and phone calls with former White House counsel John Dean. This was before anything was known about attempts to use the CIA to block the FBI Watergate investigation. The records Gray supplied omitted mention of a key meeting near Gray's apartment just days after the break-in, as well as several important phone calls. In listing the purpose of each meeting or call, Gray consistently hid information pertaining to the cover-up. On June 23, 1972, for example, Gray received three calls from Dean about the CIA effort, yet only one of those was listed and it was falsely described as a call "to Mr. Dean to deny that information *re* the investigation is being leaked from FBI." A February 29, 1972 early morning call to Gray from Dean to request a further delay in the FBI investigation was not listed in the Gray filing with the committee.

What would the history of Watergate have been if Gray and Helms had told the whole truth in February 1973? It's a question Congress should ponder as it seeks ways to regain power and influence lost to the Executive Branch.

Miscarriage of Justice

Abortion & Dr. Edelin

by Nathan Lewin

Just two years ago the Supreme Court ruled that a pregnant woman's constitutional right of privacy entitles her to secure an abortion within the first six months of her pregnancy. The surprising jury verdict returned in a Boston courtroom early in the afternoon of Saturday, February 15, has now provided courts and legal scholars—and maybe ultimately the Supreme Court—a host of legal puzzles in the meaning and application of that decision.

The jury found that Dr. Kenneth C. Edelin, a respected black obstetrician and gynecologist at Boston City Hospital, had committed manslaughter in October 1973, when he performed an abortion in the hospital on a 17-year-old black girl, cutting through her abdomen (as in a caesarian delivery) and destroying a fetus that had been conceived between 18 and 28 weeks earlier. Because of the Supreme Court's constitutional decision issued about nine months before the October operation, Massachusetts had no valid law on its books prohibiting abortions when Dr. Edelin carried out his

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hysterotomy (as the operation is technically called). So the Massachusetts prosecutor's office agreed from the outset of the case that, viewed as the termination of a pregnancy, Dr. Edelin's conduct was entirely legal. But, the prosecutor insisted, by causing the death of the 18-to-28-week-old fetus, the doctor violated the state's laws against homicide. A manslaughter indictment was filed in April 1974, and it alleged that Dr. Edelin "did assault and beat . . . a male child . . . and by such assault did kill said person."

The filing of the charge was national news because of the novelty of the approach. The Supreme Court's constitutional ruling had been that during the first three months of pregnancy "the abortion decision and its effectuation must be left to the medical judgment of the pregnant woman's attending physician." In other words the state may, during this period, impose no regulation whatever on the mother's decision to abort. During the second trimester the state is constitutionally permitted only to "regulate the abortion procedure in ways that are reasonably related to maternal health." That means that during the first six months the Constitution recognizes no concern by state agencies on behalf of the unborn. Speaking for a majority of seven members of the Court, Justice Blackmun said that a state's permissible interest in the "potentiality of human life" begins only with "viability" of a fetus. "Viability," he said, "is usually placed at about seven months [28 weeks] but may occur earlier, even at 24 weeks." For that reason the Court's constitutional rule allowed states to pass laws prohibiting abortions only in the stage "subsequent to viability."

An unstated assumption in the entire opinion was that abortion invariably results in the destruction of the fetus. The Court never identified or analyzed two distinct consequences of an abortion. One result—repeatedly emphasized by the Court—is the termination of the pregnancy. A second result—not an inevitable one—is the death (or nonbirth) of the fetus. Lawyers can distinguish between the two consequences, and it is on this distinction that the prosecution of Dr. Edelin rested its case.

In a statement made after the jury verdict, the prosecutor insisted—as he had during the trial—that "this is not a case about abortion. This is a case involving the termination of a life following the termination of a pregnancy." He explained, in more detail, that although "a woman has a right to terminate a pregnancy . . . in most cases the fetus is dead before it is removed from the mother, but, if you get a person who is an individual who is separated from the mother, then it is a person under the Constitution, and that person has rights, too."

There was disputed testimony at Dr. Edelin's trial over exactly how the "person" he allegedly "did assault and beat" had died. The prosecutor's eyewitness—a Mexican doctor who was present during the hysterotomy—testified that the doctor had deliberately held the fetus in its mother's uterus for three minutes after detaching it from the uterine wall, thereby suffocating it. According to this version, the fetus showed no sign of life on being removed from the mother's body. The trial judge—who was reported to have been surprised by the jury's verdict—had instructed the jury that manslaughter could be committed only if "the defendant caused the death of a person who had been alive outside the body of his or her mother"—a clear rejection of the prosecutor's theory that the fetus could be a "person" once the placenta was detached, even if it showed no sign of life when removed from the womb. Under this instruction the jury would have been obliged to acquit Dr. Edelin even if it believed the prosecutor's eyewitness (whose testimony was subjected to vigorous and effective attack).

There was only one prosecution witness to support the proposition that the fetus had been "viable" in any way after it left its mother's body. A pathologist testified that laboratory slides of tissue from the fetus' lungs showed signs of breath, thereby suggesting that there had been some life even after it was removed from the uterus. Other pathologists, however, contradicted this testimony on their own analysis of the lung tissue and claimed that there was no indication of any "extra-uterine breath." Additional witnesses also corroborated the Mexican doctor's observation as to the lifeless state of the fetus when Dr. Edelin brought it out of the mother's body.

One may wonder, once all the legal niceties are laid out and understood, whether it should really make any difference whether or not the fetus drew what might generously pass for a breath outside the mother's body. Is this fine line—turning on an after-the-fact microscopic lung-tissue analysis that evokes disagreement among experts and can only generate speculation and guesswork in a jury room—to be a Jekyll-and-Hyde divider between Dr. Edelin, the dedicated and respected professional, and Kenneth Edelin, a convicted felon? Something must be wrong with the legal rule if it produces so arbitrary and unpredictable a result.

But there are more fundamental problems with the prosecution's novel approach than the odd test for separating homicide from respected medical practice. The prosecution's basic legal theory is that Dr. Edelin may have lawfully terminated his patient's pregnancy, but he should have taken all possible steps, while performing the abortion, to save the life of the fetus. (According to some newspaper reports, several jurors voted for a guilty verdict because the doctor had been "negligent" in not saving the baby.) But what would Dr. Edelin's patient have said if, on awakening, she learned that the doctor, who was to perform an abortion, had, instead, heroically rescued the six- or seven-month-old fetus that she had deliberately wished prematurely removed from her uterus? Would a pregnant woman in the second trimester of pregnancy have a meaningful

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constitutional right to abortion if the law imposed on her doctor the obligation to save her fetus if he could?

The Supreme Court's unspoken premise—that the act of abortion includes the destruction of the fetus—is surely what most women who undergo abortions assume. There are obvious medical risks to infants delivered by premature termination of a pregnancy. Many (if not most) women in middle to late stages of unwanted pregnancy, if confronted with a choice of carrying the pregnancy to full term or aborting a fetus who may live after premature removal (with all the potential for illness or deformity), would choose against abortion. Others might be reluctant to undergo an abortion if they knew that an unwanted fetus, on removal from the mother's body, would be kept alive somewhere because of the doctor's duty to maintain life. Although much of the trauma that accompanies abortion grows out of the destruction of incipient life, the effect on patients may well be worse if they are unsure whether their anticipated abortion will result in a dead fetus or in a live child that might never see or know its mother.

It makes no sense, then, to defy common understanding of what an abortion is and to condemn doctors who carry out that common understanding by destroying the fetus, whether they do so deliberately or negligently and whether the fetus is quick or dead. To the extent that the Massachusetts prosecutor's manslaughter technique reaches doctors who terminate pregnancies that are less than 24 to 28 weeks old (as *may* have been the case with Dr. Edelin), applying the homicide laws conflicts squarely with the Supreme Court's ruling that in the first two trimesters of pregnancy the state has no proper interest in the "potentiality of human life." If a woman's decision to abort before the third trimester is within her constitutionally guaranteed right of privacy (subject only to proper medical practices to protect *her* health), the doctor who is an indispensable partner in carrying out that protected decision can hardly be subjected to criminal prosecution for failing to administer a policy—protecting the life of the unborn—that the state has no right to implement directly during that period. To jail the doctor for his role would be like imprisoning a printer because he assists a newspaper editor in exercising his constitutional right to free speech and free press. Or, to use a parallel in the area of privacy, prosecuting doctors who engage in legal abortions is like prosecuting locksmiths who provide the means by which private homes can be made secure against unreasonable searches and seizures. The constitutionally guaranteed right of a pregnant woman to make what Justice Blackmun calls "the abortion decision" is significantly undermined if she is not only subjected to uncertainties as to the future of her fetus, but is also deprived of the full and free assistance of qualified and law-abiding medical personnel.

"Shock and dismay" were the words used by the local press to describe the effect of the jury verdict on Boston's medical community. In the hours following the unexpected result, discussion centered on how it might influence abortions in Massachusetts and elsewhere during the second trimester of pregnancy. But with advancing medical technology, the day might not be far off when a fetus could be saved and nurtured to life by mechanical means even if removed during the first or second month after conception. Would it be homicide for a doctor to fail to use new scientific methods to preserve the potential life of a fetus removed early in pregnancy? Even more troublesome for the medical profession must be the havoc that lawyers' rules may wreak on sound medical practices. The trial judge was favoring Dr. Edelin when he told the jury that it could consider the fetus a "person" only if it was "alive outside the body of his or her mother." But if the outside-inside distinction becomes the critical legal one in future abortions, doctors will be driven by the law to keep a fetus inside the uterus until all doubt as to life is totally resolved. Is this better medical practice than removing the fetus quickly? Whatever the answer to this question, it is surely preferable for the law in this instance to follow sound medicine than for the doctors to risk their patients' lives so as to conform to some legal definitions drawn for long-forgotten purposes centuries ago.

There are many little prickly thorns in the nettle that will forever be known as *Commonwealth* vs. *Edelin*. Ugly stories are being reported of racial slurs among the jurors—representing a heavily Catholic community sitting in judgment on a black doctor, performing an abortion on a black teenager in a city hospital principally serving the poor. A particularly inflammatory piece of evidence that was used to great advantage by the prosecutor was a grisly photograph of the fetus. It was waved before the jury in closing argument, and it apparently played a major role in the verdict.

There are legal issues which may ultimately resolve the case without its reaching the Supreme Court. The first pertains to the adequacy of the notice given to Dr. Edelin and others like him. He was indicted without any prior warning that the Massachusetts homicide laws might be interpreted as applicable to the death of a fetus in a legal abortion. If the prosecutor was going to proceed with this novel approach, he had an obligation to announce his understanding of the law publicly and to apply it only to those who acted after his announcement. A second question turns on the fetus' chances for survival. A minuscule percentage of fetuses weighing between 500 and 700 grams on removal from the uterus are able to survive. Is it manslaughter to "assault and beat"—even to death—a "person" who has no real chance of living more than a few minutes in any event? And finally there is the insufficiency of the evidence to sustain a conviction. Could a reasonable juror conclude, entirely on the testimony of a single pathologist and the gruesome photograph, that the fetus

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was "alive" when removed from the mother's body?

The Massachusetts prosecutor now has ahead of him a related trial of four doctors who had used aborted fetal tissue in laboratory research to determine whether antibiotics are transferred to an unborn child through the placenta. The doctors were charged, at the same time Dr. Edelin was, under a 19th-century law, on the legal theory that the aborted fetuses used in their research were individuals, and the unauthorized use of their bodies constituted grave-robbing. Here again the fetuses were more than 20 weeks old, and the same fundamental questions will arise. The medical and legal communities of Boston can no longer be sanguine about the outcome.

Fragmented and in Flux

Would-be "Liberators" of Palestine

by Stanley Karnow

Beirut

The Palestine Liberation Organization has scored a series of diplomatic victories since it was granted legitimacy by the Arab states at their summit in Rabat last October. Its leader Yasir Arafat was invited to address the United Nations General Assembly and, following recognition by India, Indonesia and several other Asian and African countries, it may soon be permitted to open an office in Tokyo. It has been courted by France and Italy and by a number of prominent Western political and business figures, and a formula is being worked out now for its members to accompany other Arab delegates to sessions of the European Economic Community. Much of this has more to do with oil than with the Palestinian problem as such, but these and other triumphs have paradoxically contributed to growing difficulties within the PLO's ranks. For Arafat is currently coming under increasing fire from Palestinian radicals who contend that the PLO, by attempting to achieve its goals through negotiations in concert with other Arab states, will inevitably be betrayed by Egypt, Saudi Arabia, Jordan and perhaps even Syria as their governments try to reach an accommodation with Israel. The radicals argue that the Palestinian movement can only fulfill its hope of eliminating the Jewish state of Israel and setting up a so-called "democratic secular" Palestine by simultaneously promoting armed struggle against the Israelis and fomenting revolution designed to overthrow the "bourgeois" Arab regimes. This internal debate is now confronting Arafat with a dilemma. He cannot continue to pursue his relatively temperate policy without running the risk of provoking a serious split within the PLO. Yet he is said to believe he cannot succumb to the extremists without alienating the other Arabs who support him, and in the process abandoning the chance of registering small gains. Thus I gather from talks with various Palestinian activists and neutral observers here over the past week, Arafat is seeking further diplomatic successes in order to prove to his militant critics that progress is possible at the conference table. But he realizes that diplomatic progress makes him vulnerable to the charge that he has become "respectable" and is therefore selling out the Palestinian cause. My own guess is that he will ultimately be ousted by the radicals or compelled to radicalize himself because, as I see it, he is not going to make substantive headway in the months or maybe even years ahead.

There seems to be no doubt that Arafat would, if he could, recognize the existence of Israel in exchange for an independent Palestinian state comprising the West Bank of the Jordan River, the eastern sector of Jerusalem and the Gaza Strip. Senior PLO officials tell me that Arafat would like to discuss this offer with Secretary of State Kissinger if a private meeting could be arranged between them, and he might raise it if he is asked to participate in the Geneva conference on the Middle East, which probably will be resumed soon. These officials assert that the United States and Israel ought to accept this proposal as a way of helping Arafat to overcome the hostility of his radical adversaries, but they concede that the idea is academic at the moment for several reasons. They acknowledge in the first place that the Israelis have no intention of giving up the West Bank or part of Jerusalem to the PLO, and although King Hussein of Jordan does not see eye to eye with Israel on the future of that region, he is equally cool to the idea of losing the area to a movement that he

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regards as inimical to his interests. Secondly, Kissinger is not about to let the Palestinian tangle thwart whatever opportunities may be open for new arrangements between Israel on the one hand and Egypt and Syria on the other, and as a consequence he has relegated the question to a remote spot on his calendar. Moreover, Arafat's own advisers are themselves not at all certain that he could deliver a partial settlement even if the United States, Israel and Jordan were receptive to it, since, they say, his room for maneuver is limited by the PLO extremists. They point out, for instance, that Arafat's use of the word "dream" in reference to his quest for a "democratic secular" Palestine arouses controversy within the PLO because it connotes that the destruction of Israel is far from reality. One Palestinian also revealed to me that Arafat deliberately wore an empty pistol holster at the UN as a way of dramatizing to his extremist wing that he was still committed to armed struggle despite his foray into diplomacy.

Arafat's most fiery foe these days is Dr. George Habash, a Christian Palestinian from the town of Lydda, who heads a faction of the PLO known as the "Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine." Habash, a charismatic character who quit the PLO executive committee last year in protest against Arafat's decision to go diplomatic, takes the view that any compromise with Israel implies recognition of what he terms the "Hebrew state," and he emphasizes that the only salvation for the Palestinians is the kind of war that North Vietnam and the Vietcong waged against the United States and the South Vietnamese. "We will do everything we can to trigger that war," he said in an interview published here the other day, but he stressed that the conservative Arab regimes throughout the Middle East must first be liquidated so that the Palestinians, in order to emulate the Vietnamese Communist model, could be backed up by "Arab Hanois." The timing of Habash's interview is noteworthy, since it was apparently calculated to remind Palestinian militants, at a period when Arafat's strategy is causing doubts, that he is an alternative. Surprisingly enough, I found that even though Habash speaks for a fringe of the PLO, he is by no means considered by Palestinians to be a lunatic. On the contrary, I discovered the walls of a Palestinian refugee camp south of Beirut covered with political graffiti denouncing Kissinger and any negotiations with Israel, and many Palestinian publications put out here also deride Egyptian President Anwar Sadat for his efforts to come to terms with the Israelis. The most articulate criticism of Arafat came, however, from an urbane PLO activist with impeccable Ivy League credentials as we chatted over whiskey in his office. "We are enchanted by the appearance of success without having had any genuine success," he said. "We celebrate our victory at the UN without having liberated an inch of territory, and instead of being the conscience of the Arab world we have become the echo of certain Arab states, notably Egypt and Saudi Arabia. They legitimized us at Rabat but that was only to give us enough rope with which to hang ourselves. They have endowed us with more arms, more money and more support than any liberation movement in history has ever had, but it is also diluting our fervor. Their objective is to build up their defenses against communism and to strengthen their own power. What can we do about it? Either change the present PLO leadership, or launch another broad conflict."

Arafat's aides counter this sort of criticism with the claim that the Arab states cannot accept an agreement with Israel that excludes the PLO since, they say, the Palestinian cause is by now too deeply ingrained in the "masses" to neglect its demands. Moreover, they submit, no Arab leader is totally secure from his domestic rivals, most of whom would use the Palestinian issue as a pretext to make a bid for authority. In addition, they warn, the Palestinians have the capacity to wreak havoc in some Arab states in the event that they feel themselves to be double-crossed. The country that is most threatened by this possibility is Lebanon.

More than 10 percent of the three million people here are Palestinians, and they constitute a virtual state within a state. Palestinian guerrillas and irregulars number some 40,000 men, which is roughly three times the size of the Lebanese army, and they are equipped with AK-47 "Kaleshnikov" automatic weapons and SAM-7 "Strella" missiles provided by the Soviet Union through Lebanon's porous border with Syria. It was clear as I drove south to the Palestinian refugee camps near the Israeli border the other day that the area is almost entirely under PLO control. Palestinian guerrillas smartly dressed in sand-and-spinach fatigues and red berets check documents issued by the PLO co-headquarters in Beirut, and the camps themselves are managed by Palestinian troops, which explains why they are periodically bombed and strafed by Israeli warships and aircraft. Back in the spring of 1973, when Israeli commandos struck at a PLO office in this city, the Palestinians blamed the Lebanese army for laxity, and the week-long battle that ensued between them ended in a standoff that permitted the Palestinians to operate as autonomously as they had. Speculation here has it that a frustrated PLO would again turn against the Lebanese, and next time, this thesis holds, Lebanon could only be saved by American intervention. Partisans of such a move recall that President Eisenhower landed US troops here in 1958, and they say it is no coincidence that the American ambassador now in Beirut is Gen. G. McMurtrie Godley, a veteran of directing military activities in the Congo and Laos. The official US line is that the only contingency plan for involvement here is a project to rescue the 7000 Americans in Lebanon in the event of an upheaval.

Given the current status of the PLO, it may be

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arfetched to presume that it can be forgotten by the Arab states. But the search of the Palestinians to shape heir own movement has gone through a complicated series of ups and downs over the years, and there is no reason to suppose that they cannot sustain fresh setbacks. The two factors that led most significantly to he establishment of the PLO in 1964 were the rupture of the union between Syria and Egypt, and the victory of the Algerians over the French. The former development persuaded the assorted Palestinian groups then functioning vaguely that Arab unity was ephemeral and that they needed their own organization. The latter even inspired them with the notion that, like the Algerians, they could create a self-reliant movement. As it turned out, however, both ideas were founded on misperceptions. The Arab bloc may have been fragmented in the mid-1960s, but it was in no mood to accord the Palestinians the kind of political military freedom that it feared might provoke Israeli retaliation against its territories. Hence the formation of the PLO was essentially seen by the Arab states as a device to tame the Palestinians and to prevent them from adventures that could incur Israeli reprisals. The Algerian model, meanwhile, was plainly inapplicable to the Palestinian struggle. The Algerians fought an anti-colonial war on a vast terrain in which the population was on their side and the French, reluctant to impair their relations with Morocco and Tunisia, spared their sanctuaries. With all that, the Algerians did not win on the ground but succeeded largely because of internal French political troubles aggravated by the conflict. Israel, in contrast, is a tiny land whose Jewish majority offers no support for the Palestinian guerrillas and whose army is not hesitant about hitting PLO sanctuaries in Lebanon and elsewhere. And unless the United States decides to abandon them, which is highly unlikely, the Israelis are in no danger of being sacrificed. The Palestinians have gradually come to appreciate the emptiness of the Algerian example, and Algeria today is more a symbol to them than a pattern.

The 1967 war, in which the Israelis clobbered the Arabs, made a dual impact on the Palestinians. The abysmal performance of the Arabs reinforced their conviction that they could not depend on Arab unity and that they had to stand on their own feet. But at the same time the Israeli takeover of Egyptian, Jordanian and Syrian territories served their purpose, for now they could appeal to the Arab states to join in their irredentism. This led to the rise within the PLO of Arafat's faction, Al-Fatah, which is dedicated less to revolutionary ideology than to the recovery of land and the creation of a Palestinian state on it. In the meantime, other groups came under the PLO umbrella, and the movement in its present configuration is a coalition rather than a monolith, which accounts for its current squabbles. Habash, as I have mentioned, heads the Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine, and there is another faction, the "Popular Democratic Front for the Liberation of Palestine," under Nayef Hawatmeh, who labels himself a Marxist-Leninist but appears to be aligned at the moment with Arafat rather than with the revolutionaries. Still another group is the "Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine—General Command," which is led by Ahmed Jibril, an army officer who puts strictly military action over politics, and yet another splinter is the "Popular Revolutionary Front for the Liberation of Palestine," whose sole function is the publication of a magazine. The Syrians also control a PLO faction called "SAE-QA," which is a satellite of the Baath party, and Iraq's representation in the movement is the "Arab Liberation Front." The most notorious element in the PLO is "Black September," which has claimed responsibility among other things for the assassination of the Israeli athletes at the Munich Olympic games in September 1972. The Black September gang takes its name from the crackdown on the guerrillas by Jordan's King Hussein in the fall of 1970. Arafat's aides deny that there is any official link between them and the terrorists, but the PLO has never disavowed the group's conduct.

The PLO now receives most of its funds from Saudi Arabia and the oil-producing states of the Persian Gulf, whose rulers presumably think that they can restrain the movement. The first Soviet contact with Arafat took place in July 1968, when he secretly visited Moscow as a member of an Egyptian delegation, and since then the Russians have zigzagged in their attitude toward the PLO. For example, they denounced the Munich murders as "an expression of anarchist and adventurist trends," and for a time they branded the Palestinian guerrillas as "the backward elements" of Arab nationalism. More recently, though, the Kremlin has been supplying the PLO with arms, partly to use it as leverage against Arab states like Egypt, whose relations with Moscow have been stormy, and partly to preempt the possibility that the Palestinians may lean toward the Chinese despite the fact that Peking has little to offer beyond rhetoric, and besides that, has lately shown private signs of moderation toward Israel. The PLO takes a basically pragmatic approach to both Communist powers, viewing them principally as sources of equipment and political backing. Habash, for instance, publicly criticizes the Soviet Union for favoring a negotiated settlement in the Middle East and, in the same breath, voices his appreciation for Russian weapons.

Until now, it seems to me, the main accomplishment of the PLO has been to publicize the fact that there is a Palestinian problem, and that is recognized even in Israel. But the movement is a long way from attaining its aim of a Palestinian state. Thus it is likely to revert to the kind of violence that has blemished its reputation in the past, and that could make its objective even more of a mirage than it has been.

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Stanley Kauffmann on theater

Two American Plays

Robert Evett

The Ritz (Longacre). At last there's something enjoyable on Broadway that didn't come from Britain. And it's not just non-British, it's intrinsically American. Terrence McNally's farce (which was done last year by the Yale Rep under another title) is set in a bathhouse patronized by male homosexuals into which a "straight" male wanders; so it has a clear family resemblance to Avery Hopwood's 50-year-old farce *Ladies' Night in a Turkish Bath*, which is about male intrusion into a female preserve. The plot, insofar as it matters, is about a fat middle-aged man from Cleveland hiding out in New York from his brother-in-law, a Mafia type who wants to kill him. The fat man asks a cab driver to take him someplace where he won't be found. Result, the Ritz. Identities get mistaken, wigs get flipped, and a wide range of characters, most of them homosexual, are deployed in the big, three-tiered set designed by Lawrence King and Michael H. Yeargan. It's the most complicated set—it also has insert "front" pieces—that I've seen in a nonmusical in years.

It's needed, and it's well used by the director, Robert Drivas. McNally's play is essentially a string of burlesque sketches, fast and physical and funny, and Drivas lays them out well in the corridors and rooms at his disposal. Even when the dialogue isn't particularly fresh or witty, it's "milked" skillfully by Jack Weston as the fleshy fugitive, Paul B. Price as a small bald bespectacled "chubby-chaser," F. Murray Abraham as the "queen" of the joint, and Stephen Collins, who looks just like the Arrow Collar straight man in old burlesque bits, except that he speaks in falsetto. A good bunch of clowns they all are, snappily helped by Rita Moreno as the entertainer in the Ritz's night club. Her performance satirizes both Latin-American and show-biz clichés, and she proves herself a slim stick of dynamite.

The Ritz is over about 15 minutes before it admits the fact, but it made me laugh a lot. Two reasons. It's traditional—all those "takes," all that parody fear and anger, all that scuttling about and diving under beds—done with briskness and fine timing. It's a sign of progress—a homosexual phenomenon accepted as a locus for farce. No bravery or bravado, just a new "place" for "This must be the place" gags. It's a much better play than McNally's last, the double bill called *Bad Habits*. That show leaned on offensive fake sophistication. All *The Ritz* asks for is elemental response, in a new setting, to the cartoon worry and woe that are the lifeblood of farce.

The Mound Builders (Circle). And Lanford Wilson's new play, off Broadway, is better than *his* last one, *The Hot l Baltimore*. I thought that play (now the basis of a TV series) an imitation of Tennessee Williams, hollow and syrup-covered. *The Mound Builders* has its faults, faults a-plenty, but at least they are Wilson's. So are its virtues, the chief of which is its authentic base—in Wilson's well known feeling for the Midwest.

Two archaeology professors, one middle-aged and one young, are on a summer dig in Illinois, with their families. The story is told in flashback by the older man, accompanied by many color slides. What is attempted is a parallel/contrast between the vanished society for which they are digging and the complexities of their own lives, of modern life generally. The characters include the older man's unfaithful wife and his drinking-drugging novelist sister (apparently modeled on Carson McCullers), the younger man's pregnant wife, and the young countryman who owns much of the lake shore on which they are digging and hopes to profit by it.

It's a facile schema, the contrasts between past and present, between the university types and the young countryman, but for a time Wilson breathes some life into it. We really get the feeling that we are in mid-America (as for instance with the young wife's story of her spelling-bee championship), and there are flashes of real wit (as when someone asks the novelist whether she has a deck of tarot cards, and she replies, "No, I just look that way."). And there are some moments of genuine feeling—for instance in the young countryman's doomed fumbling for the young wife. But finally Wilson lacks the intellectual depth to make the schema fruitful or the art to keep it from the mere filling-out o a pattern, step by overlong step. Th "tragic" end is far from tragedy because couldn't believe that the young country man, close to all the others, would be th only one not to know either that th young wife is pregnant or that the bi highway is being switched so he will no make the money he hoped for. Thi plotty finagling stands out glaringly in a play on the theme of authenticity.

John Lee Beatty's setting make imaginative use of a limited space, and in a spotty cast, John Strasberg (son o Lee Strasberg) gives the countryma credible sensitivity and menace. Wilso himself still seems to me an ambitiou undergraduate pouring out promising scripts for his professor of playwriting, but at least there are more promises here than there were last time.

Robert Evett, who died on February 4 at the age of 52, was the literary editor of *The New Republic* when I joined it in 1958—in fact he was primarily responsible for my joining. He left the magazine in January 1968 after nearly 16 years on the staff, but before then and thereafter he was a fast friend. This despite the fact that we rarely saw each other. I live in New York; he lived in Washington and, for the short time that he was with *The Atlantic*, in Boston. We didn't even meet until I had been writing for *TNR* about three years, but, through telephone and letter, I already felt close to him. I knew about his generosity, his hatred not just of the obviously inferior but of the only seemingly first-rate, his lightning quick mind, and his quirky wit that went to the old-fashioned extreme of composing dexterous light verse about a boor who refused to answer an office telephone because he knew the call wasn't for him.

In his own mind Bobby Evett thought

(continued on page 33)

Films Worth Seeing

Lenny. Dustin Hoffman, Valerie Perrine and Bob Fosse all shine above the script they had to work with.

Murder on the Orient Express. All-star cast in Agatha Christie. Little suspense, lots of corny pleasure.

Scenes from a Marriage. Bergman crammed his 300-minute TV series into 180 minutes, but most of it is absolutely superb.

SK

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They Were There

Art Chronicles by Frank O'Hara

George Braziller; $12.50)

Why is it all right to be influenced by a dead artist and a scandal if you're influenced by a live one?

—Frank O'Hara, "Five Participants in a Hearsay Panel"

Art Chronicles 1954-1966 contains only a selection of Frank O'Hara's extensive art criticism, but it is a beautiful book, with excellent reproductions as well as delightful photographs of O'Hara on street corners or at black-tie openings or making his way through the revolving doors of the Museum of Modern Art, where he worked from 1952 until his untimely death at 40 in 1966. Read in conjunction with the *Collected Poems* (1971), this set of essays suggests to me that O'Hara will eventually emerge as the Ezra Pound of the postwar period. His poetry—brilliant, droll, exciting, iconoclastic—may not measure up to the *Cantos*, but like Pound, O'Hara helped to bring about a revolution in artistic sensibility.

He counted among his friends an astonishing number of the leading poets, painters, composers and dancers of the '50s and '60s (for example: John Cage, Merce Cunningham, LeRoi Jones, Kenneth Koch, John Ashbery, Allen Ginsberg, John Wieners, Gregory Corso, Franz Kline, Robert Motherwell, Willem and Elaine de Kooning, Helen Frankenthaler, Larry Rivers). He collaborated with Jasper Johns on "poems-/lithographs," with Al Leslie on films, with John Ashbery on plays, with Arnold Weinstein on musicals. He contributed poems to exhibition catalogues and literary criticism to little magazines. As curator of the Museum of Modern Art, he was responsible for major exhibitions of Pollock, Kline, Smith, Motherwell and Nakian. At the time of his death he had at last secured de Kooning's agreement to organize a large retrospective of his paintings. Finally, as art editor and critic, first for *Art News* and later for *Kulchur*, he was for over a decade one of the leading champions of abstract expressionism and its offshoots.

Despite—or perhaps because of—this great range of interests, the academic establishment, ready to enshrine an Adrienne Rich in a Norton Critical Edition, still refuses to take O'Hara seriously. His poems, written at odd moments of the day or night, are accused of frivolity, formlessness and excessive in-jokes. No doubt, his art criticism will be similarly dismissed by certain academics as being too impressionistic. True, O'Hara is likely to refer to paintings as "tragic," "demonic,"

Photo by Kenward Elmslie

"sullen," "somber," "tender," "luminous" or "joyful," without backing up these adjectives with any overt theory of art. Yet his impressionistic criticism takes on a different cast when one notes that, like Pound, he had an unerring eye for genius, an amazing sense of the difference between the first-rate and the second-best.

It is too bad that of the 14 pieces in this collection, four ("Franz Kline," "David Smith," "Robert Motherwell" and "Reuben Nakian") are introductions to catalogues, because the set piece is not O'Hara's forte. Its form is too confining: something must be said of the artist's life and background, the work must be treated chronologically, and generalization is the order of the day. But in his omnibus reviews, especially the Art Chronicles for *Kulchur*, of which only one (Summer 1962) is, regrettably, reprinted here, O'Hara's critical genius is unmistakable. In 1963, for example, O'Hara said of Mark Tobey: "[He] has done fine things in his own way . . . but they will never be major any more than Redon will ever challenge Renoir . . . . Not while Willem de Kooning and Barnett Newman are about." This is a judgment that time has certainly borne out. In the same review he distinguishes perceptively between the witty "found art" of Claes Oldenburg and the banal "constructed commonplace" spray-gun paintings of Niki de St. Phalle. "What hath Pollock wrought?" O'Hara asks in mock indignation. "You don't even have to put the thing on the floor any more and you can get someone else to finish it, as a boyfriend helps his girlfriend win a panda at Palisades Park."

This may be treating "art" with insufficient respect, but although O'Hara loves to ham it up, he is never merely modish. Today Oldenburg is recognized as a major artist, and who has heard of Niki de St. Phalle? Similarly searching is O'Hara's account of the opening of the Guggenheim in 1962. After praising the wonders of the building—daytime elevators that actually take you somewhere for pleasure rather than business, the ramp that "almost completely eliminates the famous gallery-going fatigue," and the dome that resembles "the home of an urbane and mildly eccentric person," O'Hara comments, very sensibly, on the uneven quality of the show itself. He admits that "Abstract Expressionists and Imagists" is a mixed bag but wonders what the public expected:

> *. . . what the title implies is a summary of achievement, but what you get is recent works by most of the important members of the movement. This is very interesting, if you want to look at paintings. Unfortunately many people wanted to see a justification, packaged in a new Sherry's container, with a card saying, "Because of this show you are entitled to keep on admiring Abstract Expressionism." Hence the criticism the Guggenheim has gotten about the quality of the show, some of it near hysteria: "A WEAK HOFFMANN! HOW COULD THEY!" None of the reviewers seems to have thought, "How could he!"*

Such good-humored—but ultimately quite serious—irreverence is typical of O'Hara. His point is that "the show reflects the living situation" and hence "keeps you fresh for looking. . . . A lot

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of people," he concludes, "would like to see art dead and sure, but you don't see them up at The Cloisters reading Latin." O'Hara wants us to look for ourselves; the "masterpieces" need not be prepackaged and labeled. But this is not to say that anything goes. In the same review, O'Hara insists that de Kooning is "the greatest painter after Picasso and Miro," and singles out from the welter of new shows in town, those of Oldenburg and Jasper Johns. The latter's "meticulously and sensually painted rituals of imagery express a profound boredom, in the Baudelairian sense, with the symbols of our over-symbolic society."

This distrust of symbolism lies behind O'Hara's passionate advocacy of the abstract expressionists, especially his groundbreaking essay on Jackson Pollock, written in 1959 when action painting was still an object of ridicule. Here is the poet's comment on Number 29 (1950): "A painting-collage of oil, wire-mesh, pebbles and shells composed on glass, it is . . . unique in that it is a masterpiece from opposite sites of viewing." He marvels at the painting's "reversible textures . . . the tragedy of a linear violence which, in recognizing itself in its own mirror-self, sees elegance." And this brings O'Hara to a discussion of *scale* in Pollock's abstractions: "The scale of the painting became that of the painter's body, not the image of a body, and the setting for the scale, which would include all referents, would be the canvas surface itself. Upon this field the physical energies of the artist operate in actual detail . . . with no reference to exterior image or environment . . . no need for the mediation of metaphor or symbol. It is Action Painting."

Not all the interviews and essays included in this book are as interesting as the monograph on Pollock. O'Hara can be annoyingly flip as in his reference to Nakian's background as "Armenian-familial and Brave-New-World-Dos Passos-USA social." But beneath the archness, O'Hara repeatedly demonstrates his profound understanding for non-figurative art. In contrasting the black-and-white paintings of Pollock and Kline, O'Hara notes that whereas Pollock has "black paint seeping into unsized canvas, at once sensitive in surface and frequently grotesque in form," Kline's "forms are stark and simple, the gesture abrupt, rough, passionately unconcerned with finish." Against the accepted view that Kline was strongly influenced by Japanese calligraphy, O'Hara argues: "The whites and blacks are strokes and masses of entirely relevant intensity to the painting as a whole and to each other . . . . [They] are aimed at an ultimate structure of feeling rather than at ideograph or writing." If anything, Kline has influenced Japanese painters rather than vice-versa.

O'Hara was, then, always testing critical commonplaces; like Pound's, his approach to art was insistently individual, independent. By the mid-'60s, when the human figure began to reassert itself, O'Hara was one of the first to discern its new potential. One of the best essays reprinted in *Art Chronicles*, written shortly before the poet's death, deals with the "figurative" painting of Alex Katz, whose pictorial world is described as "a 'void' of smoothly painted color . . . where the fairly realistic figure existed (but did not rest) in a space which had no floor, no walls, no source of light, no viewpoint. . . . Katz's people simply existed, somewhere. They stayed in the picture as solutions of a formal problem, neither existential nor lost. . . . They were completely mysterious pictorially, because there seemed to be no apparent intent of effect. They knew they were there."

Here O'Hara reveals his profound understanding of the new esthetic, whether in painting or poetry. In his own poems there are hundreds of figures, but they too seem to exist in a space with no viewpoint, functioning "as solutions of a formal problem." They manifest what O'Hara calls (with reference to Katz's portraits of his wife Ada) *presence*. "They knew they were there." Today, almost a decade after the poet's death, we should know it too.

Marjorie Perloff

Marjorie Perloff is the author of *The Poetic Art of Robert Lowell* (Cornell).

Coming

Martin Duberman on
Masters and Johnson's
The Pleasure Bond

Richard Poirier on
the New York
ballet scene

Roger Rosenblatt on
"Kojak"

Subjective Law

To Defend These Rights by Valery Chalidze

(Random House; $10)

This study of the state of human rights in the Soviet Union is a quiet book. It tiptoes in the wake of such searing predecessors as *The Gulag Archipelago* or *Hope Against Hope*. None of Solzhenitzyn's prophetic fury or Nadezda Mandelstam's heroic despair is to be found in Valery Chalidze's analysis of the Soviet

Photo by Edwin J. Brundage 1974

legal system. A reader accustomed to strong meat from Soviet dissidents may at first be put off by the author's subdued tone. He writes like a student rather than a victim of the regime, but his work is anything but an academic exercise. Apparently Chalidze, a well known physicist, was personally spared the bestial suffering described by Solzhenitzyn, nor did he have to endure the agony of watching the destruction of a great poet like Osip Mandelstam's widow. In Soviet terms he did not fare too badly. Though he was a founder of the Moscow Human Rights Committee and not only edited but actually signed 15 issues of the samizdat journal, *Social Problems*, he came off lightly. His Soviet citizenship was revoked while he was on a lecture tour in the United States and he was forbidden to return to Russia. Now living in New York, he edits a bimonthly magazine, *A Chronicle of Human Rights in the USSR*.

Consequently his witness is all the more devastating. Chalidze makes clear that acts that we may be tempted to view as aberrations of the Soviet system of

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ıstice or as hangovers from the Stalin ra are its normal workings. Judges, for ıstance, are instructed to take "socialist :gal consciousness" as a guide when eciding cases, even though there are no :gal norms to define such consciousess. So subjective and elastic an aproach to law reminds us of Lysenko's ong discredited venture into genetics vhen the regime terrorized scientists linging to bourgeois "Mendelianism." n 1948 the controversy was summarily ettled by a Central Committee decree leclaring the Lysenko brand to be the nly true genetics. However, ideological rthodoxy applied to agriculture proved oo costly for the decree to stand.

In the area of law concepts are more eadily manipulated. In the application of Soviet law "socialist legal consciousıess" is still operative as well as a nethod of reasoning which Chalidze :alls the "logic of the end." Whereas in ure science—to protect the success of experiments considered of practical mportance—classical logic is employed, in jurisprudence the "logic of the end" requires a Soviet jurist to follow whatever chain of reasoning will serve to establish a defendant's guilt, if such a verdict is considered desirable by the state. No fixed rules or procedures need be observed as in traditional "bourgeois" law. The efficacy of this variant of "the end justifies the means" is strikingly apparent in numerous current trials during which a Jew who has lost his position because he applied for a visa to Israel is then prosecuted for "parasitism." After reading Chalidze's study those who recall the Alice in Wonderland account of the poet Joseph Brodsky's trial for dissidence and parasitism will better appreciate that the proceedings were no extravaganza due to the judge's bias, but a fair sample of Soviet justice in practice and proper within its concepts.

The ephors of Sparta are reputed to have declared war each year against the helots upon assuming office. This device supposedly enabled the government to execute helots legally whenever it was so inclined. Through their early anti-Jewish legislation the Nazis gave legal sanction to any barbarism they contemplated. In the Soviet Union not the laws but the legal procedures allow for such expediency. Anti-Semitism is proscribed by law in the Soviet Union. Nevertheless "socialist legal consciousness" and the "logic of the end" make sure that no legal niceties or technicalities will inhibit the will of the state.

Chalidze is deeply concerned with conducting his campaign for human rights within the framework of the system. He makes a point of declaring that he accepts the Soviet system as a political reality and that he has never engaged in anti-Soviet activity. He belongs to the *zakoniki* (legalists) who assert the right to criticize but not to break existing laws, and who openly protest their arbitrary administration. The Soviet Constitution guarantees the traditional freedoms of speech, press, assembly and demonstration, hence these freedoms may be exercised within the law. Similarly the Soviet Union has subscribed to an international convention permitting the free egress and reentry of a country's citizens. How consistently and brutally these theoretical rights have been violated hardly needs demonstration. The courageous battle against these violations waged by Chalidze and his colleagues is detailed in the documents that form a substantial section of Chalidze's book.

No particular group of victims is singled out by the writer. His theme is the distortion of a legal system whose sufferers include political dissidents, Crimean Tartars seeking to return to Crimea, Jews wishing to emigrate to Israel, Ukranians who oppose "Russification," Baptists, Catholics and activists incarcerated in mental hospitals. The widely publicized plight of Soviet Jewry gets no special attention. While granting the existence of "social" anti-Semitism, Chalidze discounts official anti-Semitism, apart from the "problem of emigration to Israel." He writes: "I am convinced that the government and party officials are rather punctilious. They realize that one must not, say, issue instructions limiting the admission of Jews to institutions of higher learning or to executive positions."

Coming from Chalidze this statement is puzzling, since his central thesis proves how adeptly the government discriminates against given groups without naming them as such. Andrei Sakharov, co-discoverer of the hydrogen bomb and fellow-founder with Chalidze of the Committee on Human Rights, one of the most vigorous fighters against anti-Semitism in Russia, differs with Chalidze. In a protest against quotas for Jews in education he writes: "It is not disgraceful to allow another backsliding into anti-Semitism in our appointments policy?"

Historian Roy Medvedev (incidentally, Chalidze, Sakharov and Medvedev are not Jews) is equally explicit: "Quotas on the admission of youth of Jewish descent to institutions of higher learning must be abolished. Citizens of Jewish descent must be guaranteed equality of rights to participate in political, cultural and economic affairs." Medvedev believes that anti-Jewish discrimination has been a major cause of the revival of Jewish nationalism among young Soviet Jews; hence Chalidze's qualification, "apart from emigration to Israel," appears to be putting the cart before the horse. This soft-pedalling of the Jewish issue contravenes Chalidze's own bold stand on the question in several reported instances. In any case, the virulence of Soviet anti-Semitism has been too thoroughly documented (see *The Soviet Cage* by William Korey) for serious doubts as to its reality.

What of the future? In *Hope Abandoned* Nadezda Mandelstam tells how a Komsomol accused her of hostility to youth because in a lecture on linguistics she had lightly remarked that "the young English gerund was ousting the old infinitive." For this and similar charges she was expelled from her teaching post. The death of Stalin saved her from direr consequences. Though such imbecilities are less likely to occur today, Soviet repression of unorthodox

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opinion continues to be hideously inventive: the imprisonment of dissidents in institutions for the insane is as horrifying as any excess of Stalinism. While Chalidze grants that under Stalin political prisoners numbered millions instead of tens of thousands as at present, he stresses the need to propagate legal and ethical values common to all mankind. At the same time he warns against conspiratorial activity as counterproductive. Evils in the system must be challenged openly to assert the primary right that "under any system and in every country human rights should be guaranteed and effective procedures to defend them should exist." The experience of Soviet Jews and other dissidents would appear to validate the strategy of open protest, despite its dangers.

Marie Syrkin

Marie Syrkin is professor emeritus, Brandeis University, and editor of Herzl Press.

God of Order

The Religion of Isaac Newton by Frank E. Manuel

(Oxford University Press; $11.25)

When Isaac Newton died in 1727 at 85, his scientific writings were considered the highest achievements of the Age of Reason, the basic text upon which the Age of Enlightenment would build. From the platform of his magnificent successes in physics and astronomy in the *Principia* and the *Opticks* he would rule the imagination for over a century. It was symbolic that the young Voltaire arrived for a visit to England just in time to attend Newton's impressive state funeral. To the skeptic rationalist Voltaire, whose subsequent popularization of Newton's works spread the power and fame of the new science beyond the shores of England, Newton was the happy exemplar he needed: Newton, he said, had the "peculiar felicity, not only to be born in a country of liberty, but in an age when all scholastic impertinences were banished from the world. Reason alone was cultivated, and mankind could only be his pupil. . . ."

Until a few decades ago, this is chiefly how Newton continued to be seen. Occasionally, to be sure, there was discussion of the "other Newton" who in fact had prepared a *Chronology of Ancient Kingdoms Amended* for publication, and who privately and secretly was caught up in religious writings, chronologies, alchemical study, and commentaries on biblical prophecies. But these intimations passed, and often were put down to bouts of piety, madness or senility. Newton himself had kept his guard up, motivated by his fear of controversy, particularly on religious matters. The pile of manuscripts on religion from Newton's pen is now known to amount to more than a million words. But only some 30 pages on theological material had been published by Newton himself in his lifetime.

The turning point to the more modern and complex view of Newton came with three events, all falling within about a decade. The first was the sale in 1936 at Sotheby's of the many bundles of Newton's private papers and theological and alchemical manuscripts kept until then in the Portsmouth family. The papers revealed a Newton diametrically opposite from the one so well known from the textbooks. For example one of the purchasers, the economist John Maynard Keynes, wrote a rather sensational essay on "Newton, the Man" for the Newton Tercentenary. He painted Newton as the last of the Magi. While the popular eye was seeking for a new focus, scholarly attention in intellectual history now was also subjected to a reevaluation of the place of the "scientific revolution" that culminated in Newton. Herbert Butterfield introduced his influential *The Origins of Modern Science* (1949) with the famous remark that the scientific revolution "outshines everything since the rise of Christianity and reduces the Renaissance and Reformation to the rank of mere episodes. . . ."

Third, in the long-delayed rise of sound scholarship in the history of science over the last three decades, a set of well trained scholars has grown up who concern themselves with the innumerable facets of Newton's life and work. Its fruits are the recent and continuing publications of Newton's correspondence, his mathematical papers, the introduction to and new edition of the *Principia*, and many more. The greater the number and variety of people joining in, and the further they did, the more fascinating the emerging picture of Newton becomes.

Frank E. Manuel's book *The Religion of Isaac Newton* is the most recent find, and it is a jewel. Professor of history at New York University, Manuel came to Newton precisely from the "other side," not primarily through the study of the scientific papers. He first wrote on Newton in a chapter of his book *The Eighteenth Century Confronts the Gods* (1959). In 1963 he published *Isaac Newton, Historian*. By that time, modern analyses of Newton's metaphysics had appeared. Manuel juxtaposed a Newton who, in his manuscripts, clearly saw himself as a historical scholar whose interests comprised "an interpretation of mythology, a theory of Egyptian hieroglyphs, a radical revision of ancient chronology founded on astronomical proof, an independent reading of the sense of the Bible, and circumstantial demonstrations of the fulfillment of prophecy in the historical world."

The next step was Manuel's *A Portrait of Isaac Newton* (1968)—like all Manuel's work, both lively and profound, calculated to arouse debate in the more stuffy seminars. "The pot of Newtonian studies is bubbling vigorously," he noted with satisfaction, even as he was stirring it up more by adding a new ingredient: psychohistorical analysis. Calling himself a "fellow traveler" of Erik Erikson, Manuel focused on long neglected materials such as the private notebooks which Newton kept as a boy and young man, a record of psychic terror not explained only by the repressive upbringing of the time. These notes and self-imposed exercises are a record of Newton's anxiety, confessions, repression of instinctual desires, shame, loneliness, "uncleane thoughts, words and actions and dreamese," fantasies of bringing death to his stepfather, mother and himself, and the dread of punishment for all these.

In Manuel's view Newton had only two refuges: "One was the Bible literally interpreted as historical fact, de-allegorized, de-mythicized of everything vague and poetic, reduced to the concrete; the other was mathematical proof. . . . The discovery of his mathematical genius was his salvation; that the world obeyed mathematical law was his security." To escape confusion and sin in word and deed, one had to subordinate oneself to building systems of order, to ascetic behavior enforced by power of the will, and to the will of the Lord—the severe, austere Old Testament God, the person-

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l, dominating reality. Thus, Newton ıeld, it is our duty to study Him through he study of His commandments in the criptures that had objective historic xistence.

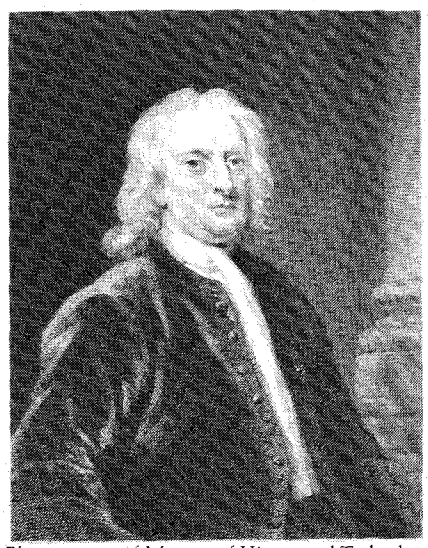
But the study of natural philosophy, oo, had much to say about God, nowable through the objective historic xistence of observable phenomena. While the study of the causes of natural henomena, Newton admits, does not et us directly to the First Cause and Creator, it does get us as close as one can hope to get in this life. It is our duty to pursue this study. Science is not some idle pursuit to satisfy one's curiosity. Rather, it has missionary force. When natural philosophy at length shall be perfected by Newton's method, "the Bounds of Moral Philosophy will also be enlarged" *(Opticks).*

Manuel confessed in *A Portrait:* "I steered my way between the Scylla of historians of science and the Charybdis of psychoanalysts." It was a *tour de force,* and as one reviewer observed accurately, "historians of science may never forgive him." Tracing Newton's life, Manuel had emerged with a coherent picture. Prematurely born on Christmas day 1642 as the son of an unlettered yeoman who had died some two or three months earlier, Newton appeared to have come to regard his birth and survival as a sign that he was chosen by God in some special way, and Manuel shows the effects on Newton's development as a person, on his world outlook, and on his style of life. From his early orphaned stage (his mother Hannah, a strong woman whom Manuel regards as the central figure in Newton's life, left him in the care of the maternal grandmother from the third to the 11th year of his life, having gone to follow her second husband), he became a Cambridge recluse, a psychologically disturbed man in middle age, an authoritarian Master of the Mint, and finally a dictatorial President of the Royal Society—the "autocrat of science."

In Manuel's new book, his earlier finds are expanded upon. What he calls "my third, and I hope final, attempt to grapple with the personality and nonscientific thought of Isaac Newton" was triggered by Manuel's analysis of Newton's manuscripts, now part of the Yahuda collection in the Jerusalem National and University Library.

What, after all, Newton asks, is the design behind such works as the Revelations according to Daniel and the prophecies in the Apocalypse if not "for the use of the Church to guide and direct her in the right way? . . . If it cannot be understood, then why did God give it? Does he trifle?" Not only must one try to understand, and so obtain the blessings promised for it in the scriptures, but also one risks the wrath of God for not trying if one was meant to do so. Newton sets out to construct rules for interpreting the obscure words and language in these writings—rules for ordering and simplifying the meaning of such images as "the three froggs, the head or horn of any Beast, the whore of Babylon, the woman Jezabel" to see, for example, whether they stand for identifiable kingdoms, or sects, or peoples.

A typical rule that Newton announces for dealing with obscure passages is "to choose those constructions which without straining reduce things to greatest simplicity. . . . Truth is ever to be found in simplicity, and not in the multiplicity and confusion of things. As the world, which to the naked eye exhibits the greatest variety of objects, appears very simple in its internal constitution when surveyed by a philosophical understanding, and so much the simpler by how much the better it is understood; so it is in these Visions. It is the perfection of God's work that they are done with the greatest simplicity. He is the God of order and not of confusion."



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Applying this methodology of maximum simplicity, which worked so well for him in physics, to theology, Newton believes he can reduce mysterious and chaotic passages to confident clarity. Thus his survey of Old Testament prophecies and the Revelation of John leads Newton to find proof that the earth will continue to be inhabited by mortals after the Day of Judgment, for ever and ever. On the day of his coming, Christ will judge not only the dead but also the quick. Hence the dimensions and cubic footage of the New Jerusalem will have to be big enough to accommodate those who are chosen. In fact its length in each of the three dimensions will, Newton finds from his analysis, be "the cube root of 12,000 furlongs." (Even for the short run, some predictions can be derived from such study: the reign of the Popes can, Newton announces, last at most another 60 years.) Manuel concludes, "In whatever direction he turned, he was searching for a unifying structure. He tried to force everything in the heavens and on earth into a grandiose but tight frame from which the most miniscule detail could not escape."

It must be noted that these manuscripts do not come from the period of Newton's dotage. On the contrary, they may be dated in the 1670s and '80s, when he was in his prime. It is that much more amazing that Newton's God appears *explicitly* only once in the first edition of the *Principia* (1687), almost casually in Book III, where Newton argues that God must have placed the planets at different distances from the sun for some reason, possibly in order to receive heat from the sun in proportion to their "density." Even that Newton regretted; he removed the passage from his own interleaved and annotated copy of the first edition.

But if He did not appear in the pages of the *Principia* more clearly until later, Newton himself had no illusion that the phenomena themselves could be purely mechanical. For one thing, far too much remained unexplained (and therefore not discussed in the *Principia* at all). To give just one example: to David Gregory, astronomer and mathematician, who was close to Newton at the time, Newton is recorded to have said that "a continual miracle is needed to prevent the sun and the fixed stars from rushing together through gravity."

But beyond all the puzzles that could only be explained by invoking the deity and hence proving the necessity of his existence, the properties of and necessity for God are built into Newton's very physics, into His conceptions of absolute space, time, the ether, gravitation and sense perception. While to us the *Principia* and *Opticks* are breathtaking synthetic works in science, to Newton they must have appeared only the first, incomplete steps to a much grander synthesis, one which he hoped would prove and explain the creator of both the book of nature and of the scriptures. It is a miracle how Newton's

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psyche, caught in this high service, have held together as well as it did. More than once, Newton used the phrase *Jeova sanctus unus* as an anagram for Isaacus Neuutonus. Behind the melancholy countenance, we now can guess, there must have been a great flux of exaltation and terror. For where others saw Newton's unmatched skills, he must have been most aware of how inadequate all these were for the awesome task that had somehow come to the lad from Lincolnshire.

Gerald Holton

Gerald Holton is a professor of physics at Harvard, and author of the recent book *Thematic Origins of Scientific Thought: Kepler to Einstein* (Harvard University Press).

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The Paladins

Freud and His Followers by Paul Roazen

(Knopf; $15)

Freud and His Followers can teach you just about everything you might want to know about psychoanalysis—except psychoanalysis. Roazen's new book about the Freudian past is not an intellectual history, if you mean by that an integrated narrative of the personal, social and theoretical aspects of a movement in the history of thought. Since he takes the intellectual contribution of psychoanalysis to contemporary thought for granted, Roazen glances only superficially at the development of psychoanalytic theory. His long and detailed narrative is not, in fact, a history at all but an exhaustive chronicle of the web of interpersonal relationships that surrounded Freud as the founder of psychoanalysis.

Roazen's intense interest in uncovering the "human dramas" beneath the official surface of psychoanalysis during Freud's lifetime results in a series of portraits or vignettes framed by the personal biography of the Master. The lives of all Freud's closest disciples are represented by Roazen in thorough detail. Working with this one-dimensional purpose in mind (what were they *really* like as *persons?*), Roazen set out to interview as many of Freud's living students and patients as he could. Judging from the final text, he gained surprisingly little by way of new information from these interviews. Most of the book could have been written from already published sources. This is true particularly of the dissenters and renegades in the history of psychoanalysis (Adler, Stekel, Jung and Rank). But Roazen's interviews did allow him to gain a new feel for the biographies of early Freudians and to recount the story of their association with Freud and with each other in more accurate and less pretentious terms than the ones we usually hear. These portraits are complete with blemishes, wounds and scars.

Any new attempt to re-create the relevant biographies of Freud and his immediate disciples must encounter Ernest Jones' monumental "definitive" biography of the professor. Jones' official biography laid the ground for any future work in this area; but it also

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embodied some gross idealizations, self-serving distortions and opinionated defenses of psychoanalysis. Roazen gained access to the unsorted papers that Jones used in his version and he employs them to good purpose here. By working in the interstices of the history of psychoanalysis Roazen is able to provide more ample accounts of the main figures and episodes, restoring complexity to events that have often been oversimplified by Freud's adherents and his enemies alike.

Magnified by his romantic idealist disciples, Freud has been envisioned as an unqualified "genius" in contrast to lesser men of "mere talent." Diminished by his enemies, Freud has been reduced to the stature of a petit bourgeois moralist whose own puritanism drove him to an obsession with sexuality and repression. Roazen's more sober (and less exciting) account exposes both these images of Freud as the caricatures they are.

Freud believed his life to be of no interest except in relation to psychoanalysis. His distrust of biographers went deep. He cherished his privacy and seclusion in face of a voyeuristic public determined to reduce psychoanalysis to the private obsessions of its founder. Simultaneously, however, Freud sought disciples, for personal as well as scientific reasons. His situation as an emancipated urban Jew generated an edge of defensive self-consciousness in his theoretical work and a strong ambivalence about its survival. The very intensity of the personal sources of his discoveries lent urgency to his desire to see them confirmed and extended through his students, patients and disciples. Freud needed at one and the same time to sustain the directly personal basis of his introspective psychology and to objectify his theories in the name of science. This placed a particularly strong burden on him and his disciples, a burden under which many of them suffered and some succumbed.

Roazen's account easily refutes the notion that Freud sought disciples out of personal vanity or an authoritarian impulse to dominate others. He wanted students who would cultivate the terrain he had mapped and extend the range of his insights. But, like other great intellectual explorers, he wanted this done on his own timetable; he confessed again and again that he could not judge the value of a new thread of theory until he had woven it into his own thought processes. Many of his disciples yearned for what was, for Freud, premature acceptance of novel theoretical or therapeutic ideas. In this sense Freud was conservative. He needed to tie a new idea to his own introspective life and his clinical practice before it began, after a slow assimilation, to shift the form of his thought. Freud's extraordinary defiance was accompanied by the supreme patience of a true revolutionary. A theory and a movement so closely bound to the personal practice of its originator made radically new departures (many of which have found common acceptance in contemporary psychoanalysis) seem threatening to the stable development of Freud's movement.

This is true of therapeutic techniques as well as theoretical formulations. As Roazen clearly shows, Freud's therapeutic practice was highly idiosyncratic; he violated his own rules and invented his own rituals. At the same time, however, he held firmly to a core of "classical" therapeutic postures at the center of which sat the neutral analyst as a screen for the patient's transferences. Those disciples who, like Sandor Ferenczi and Otto Rank, sought a more active engagement with their patients risked Freud's disapproval or censorship. Given their extreme personal dependence on Freud as an intellectual model, a nurturing father (and often a source of much needed referrals), Freud's disapproval was no light matter. Loss of Freud's affection could be *felt* as a kind of psychic murder by his more extremely dependent followers.

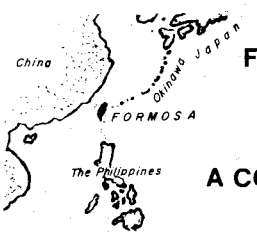
This aspect of the early psychoanalytic movement has no doubt been the source of the image of Freud as a rigid and unforgiving patriarch. The early psychoanalytic movement does sometimes resemble the reign of an imperialist monarch. Freud does sometimes resemble the primal father he projected into history. But fathers are made by sons and daughters as well. Roazen's chronicle reveals more clearly than previous explorations the sheer emotional dependency many of his followers carried into their relationships with Freud. Psychoanalysis became the driving power of their insights, at the same time the source of their achievement and their suffering. There was a dismaying number of suicides among the early followers.

Freud as patriarch; Freud as monarch; Freud as high priest. None of these figures seems, in itself, adequately to capture the ethos of a movement that was simultaneously personal, political and quasi-religious. But in one of his letters to Karl Abraham, his loyal disciple in Berlin, Freud referred to his immediate followers as his Paladins. The image of Charlemagne, of a crusade, images of fidelity and infidelity come to mind. Perhaps that image, suggested by Freud himself, captures the *élan* of the early psychoanalytic movement. For Freud lived in Central Europe, one generation from the Middle Ages and one generation into the professional middle classes.

Concentrating as he does on only a single dimension of the movement, Roazen never systematically raises broader significant questions about the social or intellectual history of psychoanalysis. He writes like a determined historical journalist, concentrating on the immediate and personal features of his subjects. He had handled this task tactfully, without lapsing into the kind of high cultural gossip such an undertaking might have produced. *Freud and His Followers* provides a rich source of biography for those who may yet write a more inclusive history of psychoanalysis, a history that reintegrates these Freudian lives with their theories of continuing value.

Albert Schwartz

Albert Schwartz is chairman, Learning Resources Faculty, Empire State College, Saratoga Springs, NY.



HAS FORMOSA'S PAST PREPARED IT FOR A COMMUNIST FUTURE?

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Two Communities

Fort Greene, U.S.A. by Barbara Habenstreit

(Bobbs-Merrill; $8.95)

Harlem by Warren J. Halliburton with Ernest Kaiser

(Doubleday; $3.95)

These books deal with two New York City communities, one more familiar than the other. Fort Greene is in Brooklyn and many of its residents probably have trouble thinking of it as a community at all. Its ills are almost too numerous to count. Harlem is a fabled, older community, with a more secure historical identity than Fort Greene's. But in many ways its residents are just as precariously placed in the social order.

Both communities have predominantly black and Puerto Rican populations. *Fort Greene, U.S.A.* is the more ambitious of the two books under review here; *Harlem* is written for junior high school readers, and thus gives a tight, thematic overview of Harlem's history in a scant 128 pages—a complex enough task, but still a specialized and limited one. Barbara Habenstreit on the other hand, is gunning for broad social attention and, one suspects, some fitting private or public response to the statistical woes she sets down. Yet by not clarifying who she wrote the book for—and why—she trips herself up on her own good intentions. *Harlem* succeeds because its authors carefully answer all the questions they raise.

Habenstreit's approach to her welter of material is, like her writing, limber and unfussy. She informs us that Fort Greene is one of 26 communities in the city officially designated as a poverty area. The label is misleading however, because in addition to the 18,000 or so mostly poor people who occupy the area's public housing projects, and the thousands of poor who live in rundown apartment buildings, there is an uneasy, rising middle-class tide. The book offers useful data about both groups, but far more grim facts about the poor. For example: the average annual income for poor families is $5600. Some 60 percent of the poor receive welfare assistance. An estimated 6200 methadone addicts are treated in Fort Greene every day. A check in 1972 revealed that more than 4000 schoolchildren in Fort Greene had never been inoculated against *anything*.

The blindly inflexible welfare bureaucracy is characterized by endless forms to be filled out, and by a habit of niggling over crusts of bread (one ailing elderly man applying for welfare was found to have an annual income 35 cents above the official limit, and was turned down). Housing in Fort Greene (with the exception of the brownstones being renovated almost entirely by and for the middle class) is inadequate. The schools? The junior high school students are reading approximately three grade levels below the national norm. (They would probably have a hard time, for example, reading *Harlem*.)

And so it goes. To break the disheartening flow, Habenstreit uses an interview technique, à la Studs Terkel. For pages at a stretch she quotes residents—a grocery store manager, a nurse in a local hospital, welfare recipients, a local priest, in order, one supposes, to catch the flavor of the community, and to spike the book with gritty first-person social commentary. Yet this technique, which in Terkel's hands can provide rare insights, fails here. Our impressions of most of the people quickly grow fuzzy and indistinct because the book provides no evidence or observation to support it. The Depression and the world of work, to which Terkel's subjects address themselves, are widely shared, easily identified social realities. But we have to rely on Habenstreit's version of Fort Greene, and she's left something out.

Fort Greene emerges as isolated, cut off, remote. Does no one ever visit? Do people dance there? Are there no neighborhood projects to speak of, no political clubs, no cultural events? In short, where is the life of this community? As an embattled urban enclave Fort Greene may be barren, but not quite this barren. Fort Greene is no outpost. In cutting the residents off from their social, political and cultural ties, Habenstreit has, contrary to her obvious hope, failed to identify them for us.

Habenstreit says that "in almost every city across the country, the conditions under which the urban poor live are very much the same." However inadvertently, this works something of an injustic against the very people whose positior she means to clarify. If its deprivation: are *that* general, what is a strug gling community in trouble to do? T say that most poor communities ar alike—without exploring the *meaning* o the features they share—is a highl dubious proposition. Refusing to draw parallels with other poor communitie across the country, Habenstreit says she chose to write about Fort Greene "simply because I have lived in the neighborhood for the past eight years and have gotten to know many of the people who live and work there." But we aren't told how she achieved this intimacy. She turns over the book to the poor and lets them spell out what bothers them, yet we don't know to whom they're talking, or why they agreed to talk, or how most of the questions were worded. They are, in effect, decultured. They are simply "poor."

Halliburton and Kaiser have not fallen into Habenstreit's myopic, well-meaning trance. Though *Harlem* is for young readers, its straightforward procedure makes it a fitting introduction for almost anyone to the Harlem community. The book makes Harlem a place with shared, if sometimes shattered, points of cultural reference, a place where property relations among the rich, the middle class and the poor have been fought over for generations.

Harlem's history is set forth in a series of bold strokes, a kind of historical shorthand, from the Dutch purchase of Manhattan in 1626 to the edgy, unpredictable street life of the early 1970s. Throughout, the tortuous question of who owned Harlem and what they tried to make of it is explored crisply and with historical charge. The tone, solemn and stately, conveys an admiration for Harlem as a longstanding haven for black cultural heroes, from Bert Williams and Madame C.J. Walker to Adam Clayton Powell and Malcolm X. The books is subtitled "A History of Broken Dreams"; the sad truth is that the Harlem community has been betrayed over and over, too often with aid from within. But while the dreams may have been crushed, by no means have all the dreamers been. The secret of Harlem's vitality is the record of men who took a chance on Harlem; for all the defeats they suffered, they make this book a source of quiet joy and rugged, abiding pride.

Ivan Webster

Ivan Webster is on the staff of *Time*.

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A Black Grimm

The Short Fiction of Charles W. Chesnutt

Howard University Press; $15)

Charles W. Chesnutt is a vastly underrated American writer of the late 19th century. Twain, Crane, Howells and James understandably dominate the consciousness of academic critics of the period's prose fiction; nevertheless Chesnutt's eclipse is unconscionable. His reputation, such as it is, rests on two volumes of short stories: *The Conjure Woman*, a collection of country gothic tales about slave life in the antebellum South, and *The Wife of His Youth*, which focuses on the high-caste, blue-vein, free-Negro society of Cleveland. He also published three novels. *The House Behind the Cedars* is a Jamesian psychological probe of the problem of color and the moral quandary of those colored citizens legally branded as blacks but who wished to pass over the color line and present themselves to society as whites. *The Marrow of Tradition* and *The Colonel's Dream* take up other social issues: the power of the press, collusion between business and politics, and deplorable labor conditions.

Chesnutt also published in the foremost journals of the day a considerable number of short stories and tales that have heretofore been uncollected; these have now been diligently gathered and skillfully edited by Sylvia Lyons Render who also provides an illuminating biocritical introduction.

Son of a light-complected North Carolina colored couple, sandy-haired, grey-eyed Chesnutt could easily have left the South and crossed the color line. Light skinned as he was, his soul was beautifully black, and he voluntarily chose to suffer the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune aimed at men of his condition. In a land peopled with Snopeses who looked with contempt on those who aspired to higher learning and were suspicious of darkeys who strove beyond the three Rs, Chesnutt zealously studied the classics and read modern literature. Forced by economic circumstances to give up formal education before he finished high school, he pursued his studies religiously while imparting his hard-won knowledge to the children of recently freed slaves.

After stints as a country schoolteacher, he began teaching at the state normal school for coloreds in Fayetteville, North Carolina, but by the time he was 25 he realized he had gone as far as he could in the South. Despite Chesnutt's gentlemanly demeanor and impressive intellectual attainments, a fellow townsman summed up the prevailing attitude: "Well, he's a nigger, and with me a nigger is a nigger, and nothing in the world can make him anything but a nigger."

Besides such unconcealed contemptuous churlishness, there was no one with whom he could discuss the life of the mind. He resolved to move his burgeoning family to the North, gave up tenured security, ripped up family roots, and relinquished the comfort of familiar faces—all for the sake of cultural and intellectual enrichment.

Like modern artists Wallace Stevens and A.R. Ammons, he was a success in the commercial world. He became the richest Negro in Cleveland by quietly practicing the precepts of Booker T. Washington, all the while committing art on the side. After conspicuous success in placing his stories (he was the first Afro-American to publish in William Dean Howells' *Atlantic Monthly*), he determined to try his luck as a full-time novelist. His subject matter, however, was too raw for the genteel American literary establishment. Black pride and self-respect, miscegenation—with and without benefit of clergy—and civil rights were disagreeable topics for most book buyers; and there simply were not enough literate Negroes to support their champion.

Chesnutt returned to the business world to maintain his family comfortably. And while he did not give up creative writing altogether, he concentrated on public correspondence: a steady stream of rational, lucid letters to editors, educators and elected officials on the problems and rights of his people. He also traveled widely, speaking out fearlessly on current issues and working quietly behind the headlines to better blacks' economic conditions. He was particularly active in organizing and promoting the NAACP and encouraging blacks to exercise their right to vote.

Sylvia Render's collection of 80-odd pieces is grouped into tales with supernatural themes and short stories that show Chesnutt's development as an artist. It is easy to see why the tales—artfully simple and anecdotal—were so admired around the turn of the century. Many utilize dialect, once a staple of popular American literature, but out of vogue today because it is devilishly difficult to pick up from the printed page. To be savored dialect ought to be read aloud by a skilled oral interpreter. Chesnutt began his literary career by adeptly imitating the enormously popular Joel Chandler Harris; Chesnutt's Uncle Julius and Uncle Peter's delightful dialect, details of local color and ripping ripostes rival Uncle Remus. Later Chesnutt used dialect sparingly and then only to achieve verisimilitude, to capture a certain rhythm of life. His accurate transcription of the colorful Carolina Sandhills patois shows his appreciation of it as a rich language and not as a reflection of ignorance.

Chesnutt's short stories have a pleasing diversity of themes that reflects the variety of his life, but his specialty is the dramatic presentation of subtle characters against authentic backgrounds. Not unexpectedly he writes sympathetically about the conditions of coloreds in the Cape Fear River valley, but he makes his mark by his objective, kindly treatment of poor whites. Without preaching or romanticizing he manages to engage the reader's conscience and convey the pressing need for social justice. His is an unspoken plea to recognize the essential humanness of all lesser folk.

He is a marvelous storyteller. With splendid urbanity he looks on men and women and finds them humorous but not absurd, fallible but not irredeemable, skeptical but not faithless, frail but upright in the eye of the storm. As one of Chesnutt's narrators says of Uncle Julius, "Had he lived in a happier age for men of his complexion, the world might have had a black Aesop or Grimm or Hoffman."

Jackson C. Boswell

Jackson C. Boswell teaches English at DC Teachers College, and recently published *John Milton's Library* (Garland).

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Fine Print

More from the Small Presses

Doris Grumbach

Last week's column barely scratched the surface of good small-press publishing. This column cannot do much more. Hopefully the reader's appetite will be whetted by what I have written for some exploration on his own:

Have you looked into any one of the 15 **Western Writers Series pamphlets** published by Boise State College? They have the advantage of being cheap ($1.50 each), sturdily printed, written in a straightforward, simple, direct style (Western?) and are about well known writers (such as Vardis Fisher, Wallace Stegner, Bret Harte, Owen Wister, etc.), others less well known or entirely unknown (Mary Hallock Foote, pioneer woman novelist who served as model for a character in Stegner's *Angle of Repose*, and Thomas Hornsby Ferril, George Frederick Ruxton). You could do no better, if your information about Western writers is slight, than to read some of these (English Dept., Boise State College, Boise, Idaho 83707). There are other titles promised; the length of the list of those to come will give you some idea of the richness of this region's writing.

New Letters is now in its 41st year, having started as *The University Review*. Published at the University of Missouri, Kansas City, the winter issue is especially interesting (to me) since it contains a large section devoted to and about the writing of black women in America: Alice Walker, Michael S. Harper, Alice Allen Shockley, a number of others. This issue has as well a touching story by H. E. Francis (whose short stories, *Itinerary of Beggars*, I recall with pleasure) and some good (as usual) poetry by William Stafford. Forty-one years is a long time; but at this rate of continuously good publishing *New Letters* is destined for a longer life still.

Glide has a useful and challenging book for the elderly, **Senior Power: Growing Old Rebelliously** (paper $3.95; 330 Ellis St., San Francisco). The book is intended for its subjects, so the print is good sized, the price is "low for those on fixed incomes," and the writing is a clear call for action, a description of the kinds of lobbying and organization now going on and planned for the future.

Some facts that emerge from the book are well known, others not so. It is shocking to learn from Paul Kleyman that the most oppressed group in American society is elderly women who have spent their lives playing their dutiful roles as women and now, in old age, have no income (14 percent of the indigent are elderly women, compared to one percent, aged men). They are the poorest element in American society: 7.5 million widows and single women are in this group. Kleyman's facts should not be shuffled off by the young or middle-aged now in our society. HEW reports that "by 2001 half the US population will be 50 years old or older and one in every three Americans will be 65 and above. By then aged persons will comprise at least 35 million persons." Moral—read this book, but don't bemoan the facts. Organize.

Glide also publishes a witty and spirited guide to traveling by foot, hitching, cheap transport through Asia by a young Australian traveler with the unlikely name of Paul Dowsey-Magog ($4.95). **Overland Through Asia—An Underground Guide** is well illustrated with original, sensitive line drawings by Jane Veen. This guide will tell you everything you need to know that is not in the traditional books. In Indonesia for instance, when hitching between Djakarta and Surabaja, "do not use the thumb because they won't understand what the hell you're doing; wave them down." If you wish to spend time in the Japanese countryside and with Japanese people there is only one place to go: the Japan Kibbutz Association (yes!). For there seems to be a flourishing communal and cooperative movement in Japan; this endlessly intriguing guide lists no less than 11 such locations.

Archon Books, a small and, I think, new press (Hampton, Conn. 06514) has sent me their edition of a 1918 memoir by Jean Beraud Villars about his life as a flyer in World War I (**Notes of a Lost Pilot;** $12.50). This was apparently a controversial book when it was published anonymously in France in 1918 as *Notes d'un pilote disparu* (Hachette). The translators, Stanley J. Pincetl, Jr., and Ernest Marchard, "discovered" the author, persuaded him to give them this uncensored ms. While one can understand why it might have offended French sensibilities immediately after the war, it will shock or surprise no one now (after the subsequent horrors o the century) to read this vivid, some times bloody, sometimes angry story "The only great, the only real sacrifice i that of those mysterious things, pro found, sacred—our life, our suffering our flesh" and "What a chasm separate 'serving' and 'rendering service' . . . th one the act of the soldier, the other o the bureaucrat." Charles Faust has don most suitable illustrations for a text tha criticizes the French command on th one hand, and yet, on the other, praise the virtues of "simple and painful' citizen-soldiers without whom Villar believed, civilization cannot survive.

An indispensable compendium of writings on, about and for the beat generation is Volume IV (1974) of the descriptively named publisher, the unspeakable visions of the individual, a press at PO Box 439, California, Pennsylvania, and edited by Arthur and Glee Knight. **The Beat Book** ($9.95) is a wonderful collection, with so much in it that it's hard to do it justice simply by listing its contents. In this satisfying bag you will find a biography of Neal Cassidy by his wife, unusual pictures of him and his friends—Allen Ginsberg, Peter Orlovsky, Paul Bowles, John Clellon Holmes, Gregory Corso, Carl Solomon, William Burroughs, Jack Kerouac—the whole now historic beat generation, as well as poetry by them, interviews with them, memoirs and reprinted mss. Look at the picture, taken in 1944 on Riverside Drive, of the young Kerouac, Ginsberg and Burroughs (10 years older but still young), and then listen to and look at them now, and recognize how far they—and we—have come.

I call **Fiction/International,** published by Joe David Bellamy (twice a year, $5, English Dept., St. Lawrence University, Canton, NY 13617), to your attention primarily because the issue I've just read, number 2/3 1974, has an unusual lead article by Lynn McKean. Behold! This documented and thoughtful review of the state of publishing opposes the widely held Kostelanetz belief that only "tender jewels" come from the small presses and all "short-term sewage" from "the Biggies." Her conclusion, from her survey of a large selection of recent books: "While competitive writers, styles, and sizes of industry carp at one another, a tremendous amount of superb literature is coming out, from all sorts of places, and one way or another is becoming available."

Amen, man.

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Solar Heat at Home

To the editors:

Industry watchdogs and concerned citizens are looking to solar power as an escape from the vertical concentration and vast market power of the oil companies ("Solar Derby," *TNR*, Feb. 1, 1975). An important question is, "Who will control solar power, giant conglomerates, or the small inventors and businessmen who pioneered the field?" The major news sources and big business are harmonizing on the idea that practicable solar home heating is five to 10 years away, while at least 32 small businessmen are manufacturing comparable units right now. The five to 10 years are what Westinghouse and PPG need to tool up completely. The National Science Foundation has provided major grants to billion-dollar conglomerates to do self-serving market analyses, while virtually ignoring the many small companies already working in the area.

Today a consumer could go out and choose from many small businesses' units, or for about about half again as much, buy a virtually identical one from a firm with a nationwide system, and a well known advertising symbol. If people wait the 10 years the giants hope, they may be out there alone, waiting for the buyer to fall into another cycle of oligopoly, high prices and consumer exploitation.

(Environmental Action of Colorado has compiled a complete directory of businesses and individuals in the solar field, $15. A person considering utilizing the sun might find this work valuable.)

Jeff Angus
Environmental Action of Colorado

Economic Alternatives

To the editors:

The current crisis in the advanced industrial democracies raises serious questions about the very nature of the economic systems in these societies. Superficially it might seem that the problems are caused by factors external to these systems: by the cartel of the oil exporting countries, by the vagaries of the weather as they affect the international food supply, and so on. It would be foolish to deny the profound influence of such developments. However, we believe that the Western economic systems are in considerable measure responsible either for allowing them to occur or else in the way they respond to them.

For instance the vulnerability of the United States of America to the OPEC demands is the result of a generation of government policy following private corporate interests without regard to the real energy needs of the US. The wastefulness of the Western economies—in energy, in food and in the despoiling of the environment—is not an oversight, but an inherent trend in a system that still produces primarily for corporate profit. The threat of hunger in the world is not so much the result of natural limitations upon Western (which is to say American) agricultural resources but derives rather from political limitations serving the interests of agribusiness.

Therefore we believe that this crisis points up the need for Western societies to explore and develop new modes of resource allocation and new ways of establishing humane societal priorities for national economies; but the effort cannot be simply national in scope. The danger of starvation in Asia and Africa is a tragically dramatic illustration of the necessity for a new international allocation of resources.

Some of us are socialists, some are not. However, all of us believe that the exploration of alternatives to the prevailing Western economic system must be placed on the public agenda at once. Though we have different attitudes as to what this will mean, the process of discussion and political mobilization must begin now.

Signers: Gunnar Myrdal of Sweden, 1974 prize in economics; Kenneth Arrow of Harvard, 1972 prize in economics; Henrich Boll of Cologne, 1972 prize in literature; Max Delbruck of California Institute of Technology, 1969 prize in medicine; Alfred Kastler of Paris, 1966 prize in physics; Linus Pauling of California, 1954 prize in chemistry, 1962 peace prize; Jan Tinbergen of Rotterdam, 1969 prize in economics; James Watson of Harvard and Cold Spring Harbor, 1962 prize in medicine; and Maurice H.F. Wilkins of London, 1962 prize in medicine.*

**Dr. Arrow, while agreeing with the main thrust of the statement, expressed some qualifications on some of the specific details.*

Likable Jerry?

To the editors:

Come off it, TRB (*TNR*, Jan. 25): "the man-nobody-dislikes, a man your heart goes out to "—good 'ol Jerry—the man that Nixon picked, the man that pardoned Nixon, the man that tried to impeach Justice Douglas. Come off it, TRB, or turn the page to Oliphant.

Martin Shockley
Denton, Tex.

Kauffmann, *from page 22*

of himself, quite rightly, as a composer who supported himself as a literary editor and critic. (When he died he was book editor of the *Washington Star-News.*) He had studied composition with, among others, Roy Harris and was always busy at musical works, large and small. I particularly remember, will always remember, a harpsichord concerto and a beautiful setting for baritone and full orchestra of the last section of *Billy Budd*. What continually amazed me was that out of a relatively small corner of his mind, the nonmusical corner, he functioned so well as a literary editor. If he was out of the office for a couple of days finishing an orchestration, he came back with that work done and also apparently having read every interesting book published in the last month, and with ideas about reviewers. As for his own prose, his knowledge and taste fixed in diamond-cut prose, see his five essays on composers in *Atlantic Brief Lives*.

He telephoned me about 10 days before he died—in the evening as usual, slightly tipsy as usual, in the midst of composing as usual—to tease me about a literary chore of mine that had lately been announced, about which he was wryly dubious. I had no premonition of his death that night, but I did have a clear sense of the world's loss, eventually: a feeling that the future world will have fewer and fewer individualists like him, living solely by fierce likes and dislikes, fierce integrity. For many years the readers of *TNR*, and surely its reviewers, benefited by his passions pro and con. Yes, at last I've got the right word: passion. Behind the dry voice and the offhand manner and the plump owlish face there was nothing but fire.

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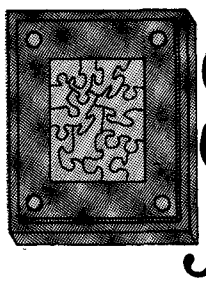

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